

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 332.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1823.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Works of Garcilasso de la Vega, &c.
By J. H. Wiffen. pp. 407. London 1823.
Hurst & Co.

Devoting himself to elegant literature, Mr. Wiffen has in this work greatly strengthened our opinion of his fitness for the translation of Tasso, of which a specimen has been published, and upon which he is engaged. In itself this volume, containing the biography of Garcilasso "the prince of Castilian poets," an essay on Spanish poetry, and the version of the author's effusions in English measures, does honour to Mr. Wiffen's pen, and is a valuable addition to our graceful literature.

Having very recently said a good deal on the subject of Spanish letters, when reviewing Lockhart's Ballads and Miss Ross's Bouterwek, we do not deem it necessary to travel over the ground again in making our readers acquainted with the present work. This will greatly abridge our review, without any show of disrespect to the author, or any injustice to our commendation of his work. On the general question we shall merely say, that we do not entirely agree with him in his judgment that Garcilasso and Boscán were the great improvers of Spanish poetry. On the contrary, we are inclined to think that by reducing they emasculated, and by the introduction of Italian models denationalized the rude and irregular, but wild, natural, touching, and inspired compositions of the ancient Troubadour.

Garcias, or as he was called, Garcilasso de la Vega, born at Toledo, belonged to the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, and was unquestionably a man of uncommon genius, though we have ventured to dissent from his eulogist as to the extent of the obligation we owe him for giving a more classical form, harmonious string, and polished tone, to his native poetry. He was of a noble race, and himself a distinguished soldier. His birth is dated about 1503—he was called from his studies to fight in the war against France about 1524, and was noticed among the brave at Pavia—and returning from Italy, gave his voice in favour of the innovations of Boscán. In 1532 we find him engaged against the Turks in Hungary; and afterwards, in the invasion of Tunis by the Emperor Charles, he acted the part of a valiant warrior. He then visited Sicily and Naples, where he wrote several pieces; but being summoned to join the army in Piedmont and Savoy, he was mortally hurt by a stone in an attempt to scale the town of Mui, near Frejus, and died at Nice in November 1536.

It now only remains for us to select a few specimens of Mr. Wiffen's translation from his works, and to say that they are in a volume, the typographical and ornamental qualities of which are so beautiful as to deserve public attention, even independently of its literary merits. Our first example is from the elegy to Boscán, written at the foot of

Etna, and only a short period previous to the writer's death:

Here, 'midst the woods of this stupendous hill,
On various things I brood, not unperplexed by ill.
Yet leave I not the Muses, but the more
For this perplexity with them commune,
And with the charm of their delicious lore
Vary my life, and waste the summer noon;
Thus pass my hours beguiled; but out of tune
The lyre will sometimes be, when trials prove
The anxious lyrist: to the country soon
Of the sweet Siren shall I hence remove,
Yet, as of yore, the land of idleness, ease, and love.

There once before my troubled heart found rest
With the sad turtle; but it is not now
So much by sadness as chill fear possessed, [how
Which, shooting through my veins, I know not
To endure and still exist; did sadness bow
My spirit but as then, 'twere a mere name;
Short absence from one's love, I even allow,
Enlivens life; alight water poured on flame
Brightens its blaze—in love short absence does the same.

But if much water on the flame is shed,
It fumes, it hisses, and the splendid fire
Decays into dark ashes; absence spread
Into great length, so deals with the desire
Kindled by love, and o'er the smouldering pyre
Of passion coldness creeps; I only wrong
This one result; the love that would expire
With all else lives in me, and, short or long,
Absence augments my ill, and makes desire more strong.

Oh fierce—oh rigorous—oh remorseless Mars!
In diamond tunic garmented, and so
Steeled always in the harness that debars
The soul from feeling! wherefore as a foe
Force the fond lover evermore to go
Onward from strife to strife, o'er land and sea?
Exerting all thy power to work me woe,
I am so far reduced, that death would be [thee!
At length a blessed boon, my refuge, fiend, from
But my hard fate this blessing does deny—
I meet it not in battle; the strong spear,
Sharp sword, and piercing arrow pass me by,
Yet strike down others in their young career,
That I might pine away to see my dear
Sweet fruit engrossed by aliens who deride
My vain distress; — — — — —

'Tis wise—'tis well; thus Garcilasso too
Will leave each dark reflection, and rely
On Hope's gay dreams, no matter false or true,
And in his dear deceit contented die.
Since the clear knowledge that my end is nigh
Can never cure the ill, I too will play
With death, and as lost patients when they try
Warm baths, and perish in unfelt decay,
From love and life alike most sweetly faint away.

We select one from thirty-eight sonnets:
Loud blew the winds in anger and disdain,
And raged the waves, when to his Sestian maid,
Leander, ardent of her charms, essayed
For the last time to swim the stormy main,
Conquered with toil, o'erwearied, and in pain,

More for the bliss which he should lose by death,
Than sorrowful to breathe out his sweet breath
On the vast surge he buffeted in vain,—
Feebly, 'twas all he could, the dying boy
Called to the waves, (but never word of woe
Was heard by them) "if me you must destroy,
This melancholy night, look not so stern;
Vent as you will your rage on my return,
But spare, kind waters, spare me as I go!"

The following lines to his "Lady, having married another," are tender and plaintive:
I will now cease, nor ruffle more
Thy beauteous cheek with speech so free;
My silent dying shall restore
Its peace, and mutely speak for me.

I have already deeply erred
In saying what were best unaid,
Thy gentle heart I have but stirred,
Not stanch'd a single wound that bled.

Henceforth I heave no fruitless sighs,
No tears but unseen tears I shed;
The injured heart that silent dies,
Has that which speaks in jealousy's stead!

From the appendix and notes we will augment this paper with some miscellaneous illustrations. Villegas tried Castilian asphics, of which the following is a pretty example:

To the Zephyr.
Sweet neighbour of the green, leaf-shaking grove,
Eternal guest of April, frolic child
Of a sad sire, life-breath of mother Love,
Favonius, zephyr mild!

If thou hast learned like me to love—away!
Thou who hast borne the murmurs of my cry;
Hence—no demur—and to my Flora say,
Say that "I die!"

'Flora once knew what bitter tears I shed;
Flora once wept to see my sorrows flow;
Flora once loved me, but I dread, I dread
Her anger now.'

So may the Gods, so may the calm blue sky,
For the fair time that thou, in gentle mirth,
Sport'st in the air, with love benign deny
Snows to the earth!

So never may the grey cloud's cumbersome sail,
When from on high the rosy day-break springs,
Beat on thy shoulders, nor its evil hail
Wound thy fine wings!

Juan Ruiz, Archpriest of Hita, had a lively fancy, as appears from "Praise of little Women:"

I wish to make my preaching short, as all good things should be,
For I was always fond, I own, of a short homily;
Of little women, and in courts of law a most brief plea;
[the tree,
Little well said makes wise, as sap most fruitless
His head who laughs and chatters much, the moon
I'm sure must away, [say;
There's in a little woman love—nor little, let me
Some very tall there are, but I prefer the little—
nay, [quarrel night and day,
Change them, they'd both repent the change, and

Love prayed me to speak well of all the little ones
—the best [do my best;

They give, their noble qualities, and charms:—I'll
I will speak of the little ones, but don't think I'm
in jest; [manifest.

That they are cold as snow, and warm as fire, is
They're cold abroad, yet warm in love; shy crea-
tures in the street; [house discreet—

Good-natured, laughing, witty, gay, and in the
Well-doing, graceful, gentle, kind, and many things
more sweet [many I repeat:

You'll find where you direct your thoughts,—yes,
Within a little compass oft great splendour strikes
the eyes, [lies;

In a small piece of sugar-cane a deal of sweetness
So to a little woman's face a thousand graces rise,
And large and sweet's her love; a word's suffi-
cient for the wise.

The pepper-corn is small, but yet, the more the
grain you grind, [speak my mind,
The more it warms and comforts; so, were I to
A little woman, if (all love) she studies to be kind,
There's not in all the world a bliss you'll fail in her
to find.

As in a little rose resides great colour, as the bell
Of the small lily yields a great and most delightful
smell.

As in a very little gold exists a precious spell,
Within a little woman so exceeding flavours dwell.

As the small ruby is a gem that clearly does out-
shine [the mine,
For lustre, colour, virtues, price, most children of
In little women so worth, grace, bloom, radiance
divine, [bibe.

Wit, beauty, loyalty, and love, transcendently com-
Little's the lark, the nightingale is little, yet they
sing [splendid wing;

Sweeter than birds of greater size and more re-
So little women better are, by the same rule,—they
bring [of spring.

A love more sweet than sugar-plums or primroses
The goldfinch and Canary-bird, all finches and all
pies, [ness in their cries;

Sing, scream, or chatter passing well—there's quaint-
The brilliant little parrot says things extremely
wise, [outspings.

Just such a little woman is, when she sweet love
There's nothing that with her should be compared
—'tis profanation;—

She is a walking Paradise, a smiling consolation,
A blessing, pleasure, of all joys a sparkling constel-
lation, [tation!

In fact—she's better in the proof than in the salu-
Small women do no harm, kind things, though they
may sometimes call [Saint Paul

Us angry names, hard to digest; men wise as was
Say, of two evils choose the least,—by this rule it
must fall, [of all!

The least dear woman you can find will be the best
With this we must conclude, and finally
commit Mr. Wiffen to that literary tribunal
from which he is entitled to so favourable a
verdict.

*Memoirs of General Count Rapp, First Aide-de-
Camp to Napoleon. Written by Himself.
Eya. Colburn & Co. London 1833.*

It will easily be believed that the chief inter-
est of this work, although it is called "Memoirs
of General Rapp," consists in the pas-
sages of it which relate to Buonaparte. Gen-
eral Rapp was one of Buonaparte's most
distinguished officers; and, in the quality
of aide-de-camp, accompanied his master
through all those brilliant but desolating
campaigns, which at length terminated in
the ill-judged and fatal expedition to Russia.

Making allowance for the natural bias of the
writer, these Memoirs appear to us, as far
as a hasty perusal enables us to judge of
them, to be written with tolerable fairness.
Although not remarkable for lucid order,
they contain much that will amuse the gen-
eral, and still more that will interest the
military reader. We do not pretend to give
any thing like an abstract or analysis of them;
but shall, in conformity with our usual plan,
quote here and there whatever strikes us as
most worthy of notice.

General Rapp commenced his military car-
eer under the celebrated Dessaix in the
campaigns of Germany and Egypt. On the
death of Dessaix, who was killed at Marengo,
Buonaparte, then First Consul, appointed
him to a post about his own person, and from
that time he seems to have been permanently
established in Napoleon's confidence. How-
ever differently we may ourselves think of
the latter, it would be unjust not to insert
the following apology for his apparent char-
acter:—

"Many persons have described Napoleon
as a violent, harsh, and passionate man; this
is because they have not known him. Ab-
sorbed as he was in important business, op-
posed in his views, and impeded in his plans,
it was certainly natural that he should some-
times evince impatience and inequality of
temper. His natural kindness and generos-
ity soon subdued his irritation; but it must
be observed, that, far from seeking to ap-
pease him, his confidants never failed to ex-
cite his anger. 'Your Majesty is right,' they
would say, 'such a one deserves to be shot
or broken, dismissed or disgraced: I have
long known him to be your enemy. An exam-
ple must be made; it is necessary for the
maintenance of tranquillity.' If the matter
in question had been to levy contributions on
the enemy's territory, Napoleon, perhaps,
would demand twenty millions; but he would
be advised to exact ten millions more. He
would be told by those about him, 'It is ne-
cessary that your Majesty should spare your
treasury, that you should maintain your
troops at the expense of foreign countries, or
leave them to subsist on the territory of the
confederation.' If he entertained the idea
of levying 200,000 conscripts, he was per-
suaded to demand 300,000. If he proposed
to pay a creditor whose right was unques-
tionable, doubts were started respecting the
legality of the debt. The amount claimed
was perhaps reduced to one half, or one
third; and it not unfrequently happened that
the debt was denied altogether. If he spoke
of commencing war, the bold resolution was
applauded. It was said war enriched France;
that it was necessary to astonish the world,
and to astonish it in a way worthy of the
great nation. Thus, by being excited and
urged to enter upon uncertain plans and en-
terprises, Napoleon was plunged into contin-
ual war. Thus it was, that his reign was
impressed with an air of violence contrary to
his own character and habits, which were
perfectly gentle."

We are rather at a loss, however, to un-
derstand how this amiability is reconcilable
with the levity of the remark which concludes
the following paragraph:

"On his return from the Russian cam-
paign, he was lamenting, with deep emotion,
the death of the many brave men, who had
been sacrificed, not by Cossack spears, but
by the rigours of cold and hunger. A cour-
tier, who wished to throw in his word, said,

with a very doleful air, 'We have, indeed,
sustained a severe loss!'—'Yes,' replied
Napoleon, 'Madame Barilli* is dead.'"

Whatever may have been the other qual-
ities of Buonaparte's character, we have cer-
tainly always thought the charge of the ab-
sence of personal bravery a most absurd one.
General Rapp repels it with indignation, and
describes the circumstances attending the
explosion of the infernal machine in proof of
Napoleon's self-possession:

"When I entered the theatre Napoleon
was seated in his box, calm and composed,
and looking at the audience through his
opera-glass. Fouché was beside him. 'Jo-
sephine—' said he, as soon as he observed
me. She entered at that moment, and he did
not finish his question. 'The rascals,' said
he very coolly, 'wanted to blow me up. Bring
me a book of the Oratorio.'"

The negotiations with the Austrian General
Mack, who having shut himself up in Ulm,
was induced to surrender, although possess-
ing a force of 33,000 men, in the best possible
order, affords a fine specimen of the manner
in which the French, during the memorable
events to which these Memoirs relate, 'eked
out the lion's with the fox's skin'; but an
instance of similar craft, after the occupation
of Vienna, is more capable of being ex-
tracted:

"We marched close upon the enemy's
rear-guard. We might easily have taken it;
but we avoided doing so. We wished to lull
his vigilance: we did not press him closely,
and we circulated reports of peace. We suf-
fered both troops and baggage to escape us;
but the loss of a few men was of little con-
sequence. The preservation of the bridges
was the important point: if they should be
broken, it was determined that we should re-
pair them; we took our measures accordingly.
The troops, who were posted in *echelon* on
the road, were warned to allow no demon-
stration to escape them that was likely to put
the enemy on his guard. No one was per-
mitted to enter Vienna; but every thing being
examined, and every arrangement completed,
the Grand Duke took possession of the cap-
ital, and directed Lanusses and Bertrand to
make without delay a reconnaissance on the
river. They found at the gates of the suburb
a post of Austrian cavalry. There had been
no fighting for upwards of three days. It ap-
peared as though an armistice had been en-
tered into. Lanusses and Bertrand accepted
the Austrian commandant, commenced a con-
versation with him, followed him closely, and
would not suffer him to quit them. On reach-
ing the banks of the river, they still persisted
in following him, in spite of his wish to get
rid of them. The Austrian became impatient;
the French generals asked leave to commu-
nicate with the general commanding the
troops stationed on the left bank of the river.
They obtained permission to do so; but the
10th hussars were not allowed to accompany
them, and they were consequently obliged to
halt and take a position. Meanwhile our
troops were advancing, led by the Grand
Duke and Marshal Lannes. The bridge still
remained undamaged; but the trains were
laid, and the gunners held their matches in
readiness: the least sign that might have in-
dicated the intention of passing by force
would have ruined the enterprise. It was
necessary to resort to artifice; and we suc-
ceeded in imposing on the simplicity of the

* A celebrated opera singer.

Austrians. The two marshals dismounted, and only a small detachment entered upon the bridge. General Belliard advanced, walking with his hands behind his back, accompanied by two officers of the staff; Lannes joined him with some others; they walked about, talking together, and at length joined the Austrians. The officer commanding the post at first directed them to stand back; but he at length permitted them to advance, and they entered into conversation together. They repeated what had already been affirmed by General Bertrand, namely, that the negotiations were advancing, that the war was at an end, and that there would be no more fighting and slaughter. 'Why,' said the Marshal, 'do you keep your guns still pointed at us? Has there not been enough of bloodshed? Do you wish to attack us, and to prolong miseries which weigh more heavily on you than on us? Come, let us have no more provocation; turn your guns. Half persuaded and half convinced, the commanding officer yielded. The artillery was turned in the direction of the Austrians, and the troops laid down their arms in bundles. During this conference the platoon of our advanced guard came up slowly, and at length it arrived, masking sappers and gunners, who threw the combustible matters into the river, sprinkled water on the powder, and cut the trains. The Austrian commander, who was not sufficiently acquainted with the French language to take much interest in the conversation, perceived that the troop was gaining ground, and endeavoured to make us understand that he could not permit it. Marshal Lannes and General Belliard tried to satisfy him; they observed that the cold was severe, and that our men were only marching about to warm themselves. But the column still continued to advance, and it was already three quarters over the bridge. The commander lost all patience, and ordered his troops to fire: they instantly took up their arms, and the artillerymen prepared their guns. Our situation was terrible: a little less presence of mind on our part, and the bridge would have been blown up, our troops in the river, and the campaign at an end. But the Austrian had to deal with men who were not easily disconcerted. Marshal Lannes seized him by the one arm and General Belliard by the other. They threatened him, and drowned his voice when he attempted to call for help. Meanwhile the Prince of Hogsberg arrived accompanied by General Bertrand. An officer set off to render an account of the state of affairs to the Grand Duke; and on his way transmitted to the troop an order to quicken their march and arrive speedily. The Marshal advanced to meet the Prince, complained of the conduct of the commander of the post, requested that he might be punished and removed from the rear-guard, where he might impede the negotiations. Hogsberg fell into the snare: he deliberated, approved, contradicted, and lost himself in a useless conversation. Our troops made the most of their time; they arrived, debouched, and the bridge was taken. Reconnaissances were immediately ordered in every direction; and General Belliard led our columns on the road leading to Stockran, where they took a position. Hogsberg, mortified at his ill-timed loquacity, proceeded to the Grand Duke, who, after a short conversation, referred him to Napoleon, and also crossed the river.

The details of the battles of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Wagram, are but meagrely given

in these Memoirs, and are in fact too well known to render it necessary to repeat them.

When Napoleon contemplated the invasion of Russia, General Rapp seems to have entertained a strong presentiment of the result. On being applied to for his opinion, his answer was—

"If your Majesty should experience reverses, you may be assured that the Russians and Germans would all rise in a mass to throw off the yoke. A crusade would be set on foot. All your allies would abandon you: even the King of Bavaria, on whom you place so much reliance, would join the coalition. I make an exception only in favour of the King of Saxony; he, perhaps, would remain faithful to you; but his subjects would compel him to make common cause with your enemies."

This advice, which it appears was also that of several of Buonaparte's most experienced officers, was in vain. A blind ambition hurried him forwards, and the campaign in Russia commenced. . . . For the present, however, we suspend farther extract, intending to find room for a concluding notice in our next Number, if possible.

Liber Amoris; or, The New Pygmalion. 12mo. pp. 192. John Hunt. London 1823.

This matchless conjunction of vulgar sensuality and Cockney affectation—of the sensibilities of the pot-house and the loves of Fleet-street—has been cruelly ascribed by some malignant enemy to Mr. Hazlitt; and we are only surprised that a writer so prone to resent attack has not leaped forth to disclaim the foul reproach, through all the channels of Coeaigne-periodical literature. It is absolute slaughter to have such an imputation thrown upon one; and we are very sure that if Mr. Hazlitt had been guilty of the book, we should long before now have read in the Newspaper obituaries an account of his melancholy ending. To criticise such a production would be indeed a prostration of intellect, and entitle the critic to no small portion of the contempt which immeasurably attaches to the *Liber Amoris*. But it is our duty to warn the public against imposture, as well as to point out the pleasing paths of letters, and to this we must sacrifice a brief space of our publication.

The name of love profaned by this *Qaf* (whoever he is), if we can call it a passion at all, the passion which might best be described by saying, that the man's mind was *worried* about a light lodging-house wanton, who permitted the fool to take every indecent liberty with her, and humbugged him preciously. Not that he had much to lose or give away; for we hear of no fond gifts, except a little trumpery doll of Buonaparte and tickets borrowed for the theatre; but the wench seems to have been exceedingly diverted with the whimsicalities and sentimentalities of his ridiculous sweetheating, and to have been liberal to others, while she tickled the gudegon for their and her own entertainment. We will copy a short example of a *tête-à-tête*: the man's initial is *H.*, that of the lady, *S.*

"H. . . . Thy beauty kills me daily, and I shall think of nothing but thy charms, till the last word trembles on my tongue, and that will be thy name, my love—the name of my Infelice! You will live by that name, my rogue, fifty years after you are dead. Don't you thank me for that?"

"S. I have no such ambition, Sir. But Mrs. E—— is waiting.

"H. She is not in love, like me. You look so handsome to-day, I cannot let you go. You have got a colour.

"S. But you say I look best when I am pale.

"H. When you are pale, I think so; but when you have a colour, I then think you still more beautiful. It is you that I admire; and whatever you are, I like best. I like you as Miss L——, I should like you still more as Mrs. ——. I once thought you were half-inclined to be a prude, and I admired you as a 'pensive nun, devout and pure.' I now think you are more than half a coquet, and I like you for your roguery. The truth is, I am in love with you, my angel; and whatever you are, is to me the perfection of thy sex. I care not what thou art, while thou art still thyself. Smile but so, and turn my heart to what shape you please!

"S. I am afraid, Sir, Mrs. E—— will think you have forgotten her.

"H. I had, my charmer. But go, and make her a sweet apology, all graceful as thou art. One kiss! Ah! ought I not to think myself the happiest of men?"

This is delectable, but nothing to what follows. Sarah, it seems, plays on the simple flageolet as well as on the silly H.; and he is tempted to buy her the former instrument, and says, as elegantly as tenderly:

"But I wanted to ask about buying you a flageolet. Could I see that which you have? If it is a pretty one, it would hardly be worth while; but if it isn't, I thought of bespeaking an ivory one for you. Can't you bring up your own to shew me?"

"S. Not to-night, Sir.

"H. I wish you could.

"S. I cannot—but I will in the morning.

"H. Whatever you determine, I must submit to. Good night, and bless thee!"

To this is appended a memorandum in italics, of exquisite nature and pathos!

"[The next morning, S. brought up the tea-kettle as usual; and looking towards the tea-tray, she said, 'Oh! I see my sister has forgot the tea-pot.' It was not there, sure enough; and tripping down stairs, she came up in a minute, with the tea-pot in one hand, and the flageolet in the other, balanced so sweetly and gracefully. It would have been awkward to have brought up the flageolet in the tea-tray, and she could not well have gone down again on purpose to fetch it. Something therefore was to be omitted as an excuse. Exquisite witch! But do I love her the less dearly for it? I cannot.]"

How the deuce was it possible—the tea-pot and the flageolet, the hot water and the pipe—why, they must have been irresistible; and we are astonished to find our modern (very modern) *Pyg* within a few pages quarrelling with his mistress, and telling her, the impertinent puppy—

"- - - Oh! my God! after what I have thought of you and felt towards you, as little less than an angel, to have but a doubt cross my mind for an instant that you were what I dare not name—a common lodging-house decoy, a kissing convenience, that your lips were as common as the stairs—"

This part of the subject is rather disgusting; but to expose its mixed filth and utter despicableness, we must cite a few passages.

The besotted coxcomb thus reasons to his adored upon her supposed criminality:

"You may remember, when your servant Maria looked in and found you sitting in my

lap one day, and I was afraid she might tell your mother, you said, 'You did not care, for you had no secrets from your mother.' This seemed to me odd at the time, but I thought no more of it, till other things brought it to my mind. Am I to suppose, then, that you are acting a part, a vile part, all this time, and that you come up here, and stay as long as I like, that you sit on my knee and put your arms round my neck, and feed me with kisses, and let me take other liberties with you, and that for a year together; and that you do all this not out of love, or liking, or regard, but go through your regular task, like some young witch, without one natural feeling, to shew your cleverness, and get a few presents out of me, and go down into the kitchen to make a fine laugh of it? There is something monstrous in it, that I cannot believe of you. - - -

"You say your regard is merely friendship, and that you are sorry I have ever felt any thing more for you. Yet the first time I ever asked you, you let me kiss you: the first time I ever saw you, as you went out of the room, you turned full round at the door, with that inimitable grace with which you do every thing, and fixed your eyes full upon me, as much as to say, 'Is he caught?'—that very week you sat upon my knee, twined your arms round me, caressed me with every mark of tenderness consistent with modesty; and I have not got much farther since. Now if you did all this with me, a perfect stranger to you, and without any particular liking to me, must I not conclude you do so as a matter of course with every one?"

But enough of this low and disgusting ribaldry; of this miserable goose and his miserable amor. We will only add an example or two of the genuine sentimental, and with these consign the work to the scorn it merits, if it has sufficient force in its offensiveness to excite a sensation above contempt. The following is protruded as "written on a blank leaf of Endymion":—"I want a hand to guide me, an eye to cheer me, (a cheering eye!) a bosom to repose on (his fool's head;) all which I shall never have, (grammar!) but shall stagger into my grave (a prodigy, such as has never yet been witnessed,) old before my time (and buried before his time too, if he is covered up after he has staggered in,) unloved and unlovely, unless S. L. keeps her faith with me" (how that is to make the ugly rogue lovely we are at a loss to discover.) Yet allons! The poor idiot is so afflicted with the sad ideas his fancy has created, that he runs through a zodiac of stars, thus, ***** and adds, in an absolute fit of insane rhapsody, "—But by her dove's eyes and serpent-shape, I think she does not hate me; by her smooth forehead and her crested hair, I own I love her; by her soft looks and queen-like grace (which men might fall down and worship) I swear to live and die for her!" What a crooked quean this divinity appears; a "serpent-shaped" woman would be our abhorrence; and however "unlovely" her admirer was, he was certainly, we think, a fair match for this description of personal beauty, particularly when the frightful "crested hair" came to be taken into the bargain.

It may be supposed that we have adduced the weakest, foolishhest, lowest, and most absurd specimens of this book, with the design of unfairly holding it up to ridicule; but such is not the case, and were we to pursue the matter farther, we could only heap more galling condemnation on the head

of its author, than whom a greater blockhead or sillier creature never wrote himself down an ass in the face of a despising and hissing public.

HERALDIC ANOMALIES.

Resumed from page 294.

Under the head "Law," we have some curious distinctions.

"The Country Attorney, in calling himself *Solicitor*, seems to forget his origin. I believe the following to be a pretty true account of his office and profession:—"In the time of our Saxon ancestors, the freemen in every shire met twice a year, under the presidency of the *Shire-Reeve* or Sheriff, and this meeting was called the *Sheriff's Torn*. By degrees the freemen declined giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who *did* attend, carried with him the *proxies* of such of his friends as could not appear. He who actually went to the Sheriff's Torn, was said, according to the old Saxon, to go *AT THE TORN*, and hence came the word *Attorney*, which signified one that went to the *TORN* for others, carrying with him a power to act or vote for those who employed him."—I do not conceive that the *Attorney* has any right to call himself a *Solicitor*, but where he has business in a Court of *Equity*. If he choose to act more upon the principles of *equity* than of *law*, let him be *Solicitor* by all means, but *not otherwise*—for law and equity are very different things; neither of them very good, as overwhelmed with forms and technicalities, but upon the whole, *equity* surely the best; if it were but for the name of the thing." - - -

"A barrister had been puzzling and perplexing a lady for some time, with questions, when in one of her replies she happened to use the word *hum-bug*. Madam, says he, you must not talk unintelligibly; what is the jury or the Court to understand by the word *hum-bug*? I must desire you will explain yourself. The lady hesitated. I must insist, madam, said the barrister, before you proceed further with your evidence; that you state plainly and openly what you understand by a *hum-bug*. Why then, Sir, says the lady, I know not how to exemplify my meaning better, than by saying, that if I were to meet any persons, who being at present *strangers* to you, should say that they expected soon to meet you in some particular company, and I were to tell them to prepare to see a *remarkably handsome, pleasing looking man*, that would be a *hum-bug*."

There is one anecdote at page 45, in the first volume, which we are surprised the good taste of the author did not induce him to omit.

"Gentleman" is an appellation upon which he finds much more apt to say; and we shall borrow from him a story respecting that title which has afforded us some amusement.

"A curious trial took place not very long ago, to determine whether a particular person were a *Gentleman* or not? it arose out of the following circumstances:—A match had been made to run some horses which were to be ridden by *Gentlemen*—on the day appointed the race took place, and was won by a horse, ridden by a person of upwards of seventy years of age, an old sportsman, but who, according to the feelings (not to say prejudices) of the other parties, did not come up to their ideas of a *Gentleman*. The prize therefore was disputed, and the dispute brought into open court; I was not present at the trial, but the report of it soon after passed through my hands, and though I cannot undertake to

give it exactly, some circumstances struck me so forcibly, that I believe I may venture to vouch for their truth. Those who had made the match, and some who rode, were young men of very large fortunes, and to mend the matter M.P.'s, which being interpreted means, *Members of Parliament*. They were of course, all supposed as witnesses on the trial.

"Unfortunately, the cause did not come on so soon as was expected, and after all, in the evening of the day of trial, at an hour when all the young M.P. witnesses, having finished their libations at the hotel, came into Court by no means so sober as the Judge. They came in also just as they had ridden into the town in the morning, *booted, spurred, splashed, and dirty*. Vexed at having been kept waiting longer than they expected, and impatient to be gone, they behaved very rudely to the Judge, the Jury, and the Counsel for the defendant. The latter, who rose afterwards to one of the highest stations in Westminster Hall, and to the dignity of the Peerage, began with very gravely stating to the Court, that he was afraid he must throw up his brief, for that though he came into Court fully persuaded that his client was a *Gentleman*, he now despaired, from what he saw, of being able to prove him so, for as the other parties, from the very nature of the case, must be presumed to be, beyond all dispute, *proper Gentlemen*, he could only proceed in the way of *comparison*. He was therefore afraid to call the attention of the Judge and Jury to the manners and appearance of *those Gentlemen*, because if they exhibited proper specimens of the conduct and character of a real *Gentleman*, his *Client* was decidedly *not* one.

"That his habits of life, for instance, were of that *temperate and sober* cast, that nothing he was sure would have induced him (but especially at such a time) to drink to such excess, as to stupify his understanding, and bewilder his senses, which was evidently the condition of all the *Gentlemen* in the witnesses' box. Had his Client been to attend personally, he was confident he would have felt such an awe and respect for the Court in general, as well as for the laws and public institutions of his country, as to have suffered his tongue to be cut out, rather than utter such speeches as had been so recently addressed to the Judge, the Jury, and himself, by the *Gentlemen* who appeared against him. His client was a man so attentive to all matters of established decorum, that it was most likely, that if he had been called to appear before the Court, he would have been seen there in *decent, clean, and comely* apparel, not in *dirty boots, and dirty shirts, and dirty breeches*, like the *Gentlemen* then before them.

"To judge therefore from appearances, and in comparing his client with the '*Gentlemen*' who disputed his right to that appellation, he was afraid he must give way upon those three points, inasmuch as being *sober, civil, and cleanly*, he could not be such a *Gentleman* as they were.

"But there were other traits in his client's character, which he was afraid, upon comparison with the characters and habits of the *Gentlemen* before them, might tend still farther to degrade him in their eyes. His fortune, for instance, was *small*, not exceeding a few hundreds a year, but *entirely unnumbered*, which he was apprehensive would be thought not *gentlemanlike* by many persons of much larger fortunes; nor yet his mode of *spending* his income, for he never went beyond

it; never squandered any portion of it in idle, useless, and unnecessary expenses; never gambled with it; never ran in debt. He bred up his family (three daughters and a son) in a plain and frugal manner. He was careful to set them the example of a moral and religious life. He hallowed the sabbath, and gave rest to all dependent on him, both man and beast. He was careful above all things, not to travel on a Sunday, to the disturbance of the rest of others, and profanation of the Lord's Day; in fine, however ungentlemanlike it might appear to the opposite party, he did not wish to conceal from the court, that his client was in all respects a good Christian, a good husband, a good father, a good master, a good neighbour, and a good friend!—or, after all, it was friendship alone that had brought him into the predicament in which he now stood. Friendship not for the living, but the dead. It was entirely in consequence of an old promise to a dead friend, that at 70 years of age he had acceded to the proposal of his friend's son, to ride the race. He need not go further into particulars; he had stated these things exactly as they were, for the information of the Court. What effect they might produce, he could not pretend to judge; there were those present, who seemed to say, that a person of this description did not come up to their ideas of a Gentleman; it would remain with the Court and Jury to say whether he came up to their ideas of such a character.—I am happy to have to record, that this worthy person so described was in the fullest manner allowed by the Judge and the Jury to be a proper English Gentleman, to the great satisfaction of a most crowded hall, who hailed the decision with the loudest acclamations!"

A chapter on the Universities, to which we shall return, is followed by a still more playful one, on "Ladies," in which the cause of their exclusion from the Gallery of the House of Commons is thus accounted for:

"A Bill being under discussion, which greatly affected the interests of a noble family of high and extensive connections, the galleries were daily crowded with the female relatives of the party, most of them, as may be easily imagined, in full possession of the highest possible attractions, as youth, beauty, wit, &c. &c. Upon which a member got up and begged to put the question to the Speaker, whether the credit and character of the house did not most prepotently require, that in all their deliberations they should be free from any undue or extraordinary influence, and whether any of that honorable house could cast their eyes up to the galleries, and say that they were so at that moment. He should therefore move, that that bevy of beauties should immediately retire. The ladies obeyed, and have never been admitted since in the same manner."

We must yet make another quotation from this Essay. The author says—

"As I began this section with some points of law, regarding the sex, and raised a question whether 'the tongue were to be accounted among those moveables,' which are decidedly subject to the will and power of the husband, in a state of coverture, I cannot forbear citing two odd cases I have discovered in the history of a manor in Somersetshire; *Seaborough*. In the third year of the reign of Richard III. two women, Isabella the wife of William Pery, and Alianore Slade, were presented for common scolds, and fined one penny each, which two pence were the whole perquisites

of the Court. And at the same time, an order of the Court was made, that the tenants of the manor should not scold their wives, under pain of forfeiting their tenements and cottages. Now this was all very well and extremely fair, as apparently binding upon both parties. But see the mischief of it; at least of the last order of the Court. In the 23d year of Henry VII. the immediate successor of Richard the Third, I find another order made that the tenants' wives should not scold (their husbands of course) under the penalty of a six and eight-penny fine, half to go to the repairs of the Chapel, and half to the Lord of the Manor. So that in fact, it would appear, that by the restraint laid upon the husbands in the third of Richard, the wives gained such an advantage over them, as in the 23d of his successor, (i. e. only 22 years afterwards,) to render it absolutely necessary to raise the fine for female scolding from one penny to six shillings and eight pence!!—

Was ever any thing like it? I am entering now, I am aware, upon one of the most hacknied topics of banter and ridicule, in the whole history of male and female foibles. Scolds and hen-pecked husbands, have supplied food for the satirists, essayists, journalists, poets, and prose-writers, of all ages (that is, if we may believe the *Jews*;) for the latter it seems have discovered that of all the hen-pecked husbands in the world, Adam was not only of necessity the first, but the worst; having not merely (as the common belief is) been hoaxed or beguiled into submission, but absolutely scolded and beaten into it. 'For,' says a certain Jewish Rabbi upon Gen. iii. 12. 'by giving him of the tree is to be understood a sound rib-roasting; that is to say, in plain English, Eve finding her husband unwilling to eat of the forbidden fruit, took a good crab-tree cudgel and laboured his sides till he complied with her will.'

HONE'S ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

The Giants in Guildhall.

In our Review of Hone's Ancient Mysteries last week, we promised some of the details touching these great personages, and we now, as connectedly as we can, redeem the pledge.

"All that remains of the Lord Mayor's Show, to remind the curiously informed of its ancient character, is in the first part of the procession. These are the poor men of the company to which the Lord Mayor belongs, habited in long gowns and close caps of the company's colour, bearing painted shields on their arms, but without javelins. . . . Even the giants in Guildhall, elevated upon octagon stone columns, to watch and ward the great east window, stand unrecognised, except in their gigantic capacity. . . ."

"Hatton, whose *New View of London* bears the date of 1708, says in that work, 'This stately hall being much damny'd by the unhappy conflagration of the city in 1666, was rebuilt Anno 1669, and extremely well beautified and repaired both in and outside, which cost about 2,500*l*. and two new Figures of Gigantic Magnitude will be as before.' Presuming on the ephemeral information of his readers at the time he published, Hatton has obscured his information by a brevity, which leaves us to suppose that the giants were destroyed when Guildhall was 'much damny'd' by the fire of London in 1666; and that from that period they had not been replaced. Yet it is certain that giants were there in 1699, when Ned Ward published his London Spy. Describing a visit to Guildhall, he says, 'We

turned down King Street, and came to the place intended, which we entered with as great astonishment to see the giants, as the Morocco Ambassador did London when he saw the snow fall. I asked my friend the meaning and design of setting up those two lubberly preposterous figures; for I suppose they had some peculiar end in it. Truly, says my friend, I am wholly ignorant of what they intended by them, unless they were set up to show the city what huge loobies their forefathers were, or else to fright stubborn apprentices into obedience; for the dread of appearing before two such monstrous logger-heads, will sooner reform their manners, or mould them into a compliance with their masters' will, than carrying them before my Lord Mayor, or the Chamberlain of London; for some of them are as much frightened at the names of Gog and Magog, as little children are at the terrible sound of Raw-head and Bloody-bones. . . ."

"Until the last reparation of Guildhall, in 1815, the present giants stood with the old clock and a balcony of iron-work between them, over the stairs leading from the Hall to the Courts of Law and the Council Chamber. When they were taken down, in that year, and placed on the floor of the hall, I thoroughly examined them as they lay in that situation. They are made of wood, and hollow within, and from the method of joining and gluing the interior, are evidently of late construction, but they are too substantially built for the purpose of being either carried or drawn, or any way exhibited in a pageant. On inspecting them at that period, I made minute inquiry of an old and respectable officer of Guildhall, with whom they were favourites, as to what particulars existed in the city archives concerning them; he assured me that he had himself anxiously desired information on the same subject, and that after an investigation through the different offices, there was not a trace of the period when they commenced to be, nor the least record concerning them. This was subsequently confirmed to me by gentlemen belonging to other departments. . . ."

"The illustration, or rather proof of Hatton's meaning, is to be found in 'The Gigantic History of the two famous Giants in Guildhall, London.' This very rare book, and I call it so because the copy I consult is the only one I ever saw, it is unnecessary to extract more from than is really essential to the present purpose. It states, that 'Before the present giants inhabited Guildhall, there were two giants made only of wicker-work and paste-board, put together with great art and ingenuity: and those two terrible original giants had the honour yearly to grace my Lord Mayor's Show, being carried in great triumph in the time of the pageants; and when that eminent annual service was over, remounted their old stations in Guildhall—till by reason of their very great age, old Time, with the help of a number of city rats and mice, had eaten up all their entrails. The dissolution of the two old, weak, and feeble giants, gave birth to the two present substantial, and majestic giants; who, by order, and at the city charge, were formed and fashioned. Captain Richard Saunders, an eminent carver in King Street, Cheapside, was their father; who, after he had completely finished, clothed, and armed these his two sons, they were immediately advanced to those lofty stations in Guildhall, which they have peaceably enjoyed ever since the year 1708.' . . ."

"Accordingly, on examination of the city accounts at the Chamberlain's office, under the head of 'Extraordinary Works,' for 1707, I discovered among the sums 'Paid for repairing of the Guildhall and Chappell,' an entry in the following words:

"To Richard Saunders, Carver, Seventy pounds, by order of the Committee for Repairing Guildhall, dated 2^d of April, 1707, for work by him done, - - - 70l.

"This entry of the payment confirms the relation of the Gigantic historian. Saunders's bill, which doubtless contained the charges for the two giants, and all the vouchers before 1786, belonging to the Chamberlain's office, were destroyed by a fire there in that year. Beyond this single item, corroborating the narrative of the 'Gigantic History,' there is no information to be obtained at Guildhall.

"However stationary the present ponderous figures were destined to remain, there can scarcely be a question as to the frequent use of their wicker predecessors in the corporation shows. The giants were great favorites in the pageants. Stow, in describing the ancient setting of the nightly watch in London on St. John's eve, relates that 'the Mayor was surrounded by his footmen and torch-bearers, and followed by two henchmen on large horses: the Mayor had, besides his giant, three pageants; whereas the sheriffs had only two, besides their giants, each with their morris dance and one henchman. It is related, that to make the people wonder, these giants were armed, and marched as if they were alive, to the great diversion of the boys, who, peering under, found them stuffed with brown paper. A character in Marston's 'Dutch Courtesan,' a comedy acted in 1605, says, 'Yet all will scarce make me so high as one of the Giant's stiffs that stalks before my Lord Mayor's Pageants.' - - -

"It is supposed, by the author of the 'Gigantic History,' that the Guildhall giants represent Corineus and Gogmagog, whose story seems to be to this effect. After the destruction of Troy, Brutus, who was the great grandson of Æneas, fled to Italy, married the daughter of Latium, king of Latium, and succeeded him in the kingdom. At fifteen years of age, Brutus accidentally killing his father while hunting, was banished to Greece, and in course of time, collected a band of Trojans, on board a large fleet, and sailed in search of adventures.

- - - in two daies and a night
Upon the Ile of Lestrigrans they ligh;
And leaving of their ships at roade, to land
They wandring went the country for to view:
Loe there a desert citie old they fand,
And eke a temple (if report be true)
Where Dian dwelt, of whom the Trojan crew
In sacrifice their captain counsell gave
For good success, a seat and soile to craue.

And he no whit misliking their advice
Went forth, and did before the altar hold
In his right hand a cup to sacrifice, [cold;
Fill'd both with wine, and white hind's-blood scarce
And then before her statue straight he told
Devoutly all his whole petition—

When nine times he had spoken this, and went
Foure times the altar round, and straid agen,
He pour'd the wine and blood in hand he hent
Into the fire—

He laid him then downe by the altar's side,
Upon the white hind's skin espred therefore:

Of sweetest sleepe, he gave himselfe the more
To rest surleie. Then seemed him before
Diana chaste, the Goddess, to appeare,
And spake to him.

"She acquainted Brutus, that far to the west beyond Gaul, was a sea-girt isle, which he should conquer and rule over, and his sons after him, to whom other nations should become subject. Encouraged by this prediction, they continued their adventures, And sail'd to Tuscan shores on Europe coast that lie,

When at the last amongst the men they did
Foure banisht bands of Troians in distresse,
Companions of Antenor in his flight,
But Corineus was their captain than,
For counsell graue a wise and worthie wight;
In was the praise of valiantnesse he wan.
Lord Brutus liked well this noble man,
With him full oft confer of fates he wold,
And unto him the oracles he told.

With this reinforcement they again set sail,
and landed at the haven of Loire in France. Being attacked by the king Goffarius, two hundred Trojans, under Corineus succeeded presently in utterly routing the Frenchmen; but Corineus, eager to pursue the flying enemy, advanced so far before his followers, that the fugitives returned to slay him—

There he alone against them all, and they
Against him one, with all their force did fight:
He achieved prodigies of valour, until Brutus
coming up with a fresh troop, ended the strife: the French host were wholly discomfited, and nearly all destroyed by the victorious Trojans. Taron, the valiant nephew of Brutus, was slain in this battle, and being buried on the spot, gave name to the city of Tours, which the Trojans built to vex the French; but their force being much weakened by their successes, Brutus and Corineus set sail once more, and arrived at Tetness in Devonshire, in the island of Albion.

Those mightie people borne of giants brood
That did possess this ocean-bounded land,
They did subdue, who oft in battell stood
Gainst them in field, untill by force of hand
They were made subject unto Brute's command:
Such boldness then did in the Briton dwell,
That they in deeds of valour did excell.

Unable to cope with these experienced warriors, none escaped,
Save certain giants whom they did pursue, [get.
Which straight to caves in mountaines did them
So fine were woods, and floods, and fountaines set,
So cleare the aire, so temperate the clime,
They never saw the like before that time.

Perceiving that this was the country, denoted by the oracle, wherein they were to settle, Brutus divided the island among his followers, which with reference to his own name he called Britain.

To Corineus gave he, frank and free,
The land of Cornwall for his service done,
And for because from giants he it won.

Corineus was the better pleased with this allotment, inasmuch as he had been used to warfare with such terrible personages. The employment he liked fell afterwards to his lot. For, as on the sea-coast of Cornwall, Brutus was accustomed to keep a peaceable anniversary of his landing, so on a certain day, being one of these festivals, a band of the old giants made their appearance, and suddenly breaking in upon the mirth and rejoicings, began another sort of amusement than at such a meeting was expected. The

Trojans seized their arms, and a desperate battle was fought, wherein the giants were all destroyed, save Gogmagog, the hugest among them, who being in height twelve cubits, was reserved alive, that Corineus might try his strength with him in single combat. Corineus desired nothing more than such a match, but the old giant in a wrestle caught him aloft and broke three of his ribs. Upon this Corineus being desperately enraged, collected all his strength, heaved up Gogmagog by main force, and bearing him on his shoulders to the next high rock, threw him headlong, all shattered, into the sea, and left his name on the cliff, which has been ever since called Lan-Gogmagog, that is to say, the Giant's Leap. Thus perished Gogmagog, commonly called Gogmagog, the last of the giants. Brutus afterwards built a city in a chosen spot, and called it Troja Nova, which changed in time to Trinovantum, and is now called London. An ancient writer records these achievements in Britain to have been performed at the time when Eli was the high-priest in Judea.

"Mr. Archdeacon Nares in his Glossary, corroborates the Gigantic Historian's supposition concerning the personages that the Guildhall statues represent, by a quotation from the undermentioned work, of some old verses printed on a broad sheet, 1660:

And such stout Corineus was, from whom
Cornwall's first honor, and her name doth come,
For though he sheweth not so great nor tall,
In his dimensions set forth at Guildhall,
Know 'tis a poet only can define
A giant's posture in a giant's line.

And thus attended by his direful dog,
The gyant was (God bless us) Gogmagog.

British Bibliogr. iv. p. 277.

"The author of the Gigantic History supposes, that as 'Corineus and Gogmagog were two brave giants, who nicely valued their honour, and exerted their whole strength and force in defence of their liberty and country; so the city of London, by placing these their representatives in their Guildhall, emblematically declare, that they will, like mighty giants, defend the honour of their country and liberties of this their city, which exceeds all others, as much as those huge giants exceed in stature the common bulk of mankind.' Each of these Giants, as they now stand, measures upwards of fourteen feet in height: the young one is believed to be Corineus, and the old one Gogmagog.

"Such being the chief particulars respecting these enormous carvings, the terror of the children, the wonder of the 'prentices, and the talk of the multitude of former days, I close the subject, satisfied with having authenticated their origin."

LAS CASES' JOURNAL.—VOL. III. PART VI.

THIS Part has more of political matter in it than the preceding, and we shall therefore (as we shun that topic) be able to do it justice within shorter limits. We are not sure, from the winding up, whether the personal narrative is here concluded or not; but the Count seems to be rather final in his remarks, and laboriously gives his peroration in aid of O'Meara and in praise of his own book. What effect the volunteering of such an ally may have on the action brought by Sir Hudson Lowe against the ex-Sergeant, we cannot venture to predicate; though we know that

many strange circumstances will be brought to light by this trial, and among others, that O'Meara's private descriptions of the adherents of Buonaparte, both male and female, especially the latter, will not be found very flattering to these faithful personages. The gruel will be thick and slab,—that we can prophesy; and hard-swearers affidavits, contrasted with original documents, will serve to amuse the curiosity and exercise the ratiocinatory powers of honest Mr. Bull for some time.

As for this work, we have so often given our opinion of its interest, and have quoted so largely from it, that it is now unnecessary to repeat that opinion. Its many repetitions are excusable, and its contradictions rather satisfactory than otherwise. Its misrepresentations, though mixed up with truths, can hardly mislead any but such as will only believe what they wish; and besides the attraction of its subject, it does contain a fund of anecdote and information which cannot fail to insure it a prominent place among the productions of the day. One smart but purblind story had better have been omitted in the last English volume; and the author would have done well not to have furnished a hundred instances of his interrupting Buonaparte in the same book, where he asserts that he never did interrupt him!! But these are trifles to the accuracy of M. Las Cases.

Buonaparte, raised to power by revolution, thus delivers his sentiments on that point:

"A revolution," concluded the Emperor, "is one of the greatest evils by which mankind can be visited. It is the scourge of the generation by whom it is brought about; and all the advantages it procures cannot make amends for the misery with which it embitters the lives of those who participate in it. It enriches the poor, who still remain dissatisfied; and it impoverishes the rich, who cannot forget their downfall. It subverts every thing; and, at its commencement, brings misery to all and happiness to none."

"Beyond a doubt, true social happiness consists in the harmony and the peaceful possession of the relative enjoyments of each class of people. In regular and tranquil times, every individual has his share of felicity: the cobbler in his stall is as content as the king on his throne; the soldier is not less happy than the general. The best-founded revolutions, at the outset, bring universal destruction in their train; the advantages they may produce are reserved for a future age."

On the subject of the unwillingness of ladies to acknowledge their age, we have stories which would have enlivened the parliamentary debates on the late Marriage Act:

"Our next subject of conversation was the repugnance of women to let their age be known. The Emperor made some very lively and entertaining remarks. An instance was mentioned of a woman who preferred losing an important law-suit to confessing her age. The case would have been decided in her favour, had she produced the register of her baptism, but this she could not be prevailed on to do."

"Another anecdote of the same kind was mentioned. A certain lady was much attached to a gentleman, and was convinced that her union with him would render her happy; but she could not marry without proving the date of her birth, and she preferred remaining single."

"The Emperor informed us that a dis-

tinguished lady, at the time of her marriage, had deceived her husband, and represented herself to be five or six years younger than she really was, by producing the baptismal register of her younger sister, who had been dead some time. 'However,' said the Emperor, 'in so doing, poor Josephine exposed herself to some risk. This might really have proved a case of nullity of marriage.' These words furnished us with the key to certain dates, which, at the Tuilleries, were the subject of jesting and ridicule, and which we then attributed wholly to the gallantry and extreme complaisance of the Imperial Almanack."

Buonaparte's criticisms upon his family, as authors, and his ideas respecting literature and the press, supply some curious extracts, two or three of which we will class together:

"After dinner, the Emperor attempted to read a part of the poem of Charlemagne, which he had taken up yesterday evening, and again laid aside. This evening, like the two preceding ones, was divided between Charlemagne and Homer. The latter the Emperor said he read for the sake of recruiting his spirits, and he again resumed his course on Prince Lucien, and his admiration of Homer."

"Some one present informed the Emperor that Lucien had ready for the press another poem, similar to his Charlemagne, to be entitled 'Charles Martel in Corsica.' It was added that he had likewise written a dozen Tragedies. 'Why, the devil's in him,' exclaimed the Emperor."

"He was then informed that his brother Louis was the author of a Novel. 'His work may possess spirit and grace,' said he, 'but it will not be without a mixture of sentimental metaphysics, and philosophic absurdity.'"

"It was mentioned that Princess Eliza had likewise written a novel, and that even Princess Pauline had produced something in literature. 'Yes,' said the Emperor, 'as a heroine perhaps, but not as an authoress. At that rate,' continued he, 'all my brothers and sisters must be authors except Caroline. The latter, indeed, in her childhood was regarded as the fool and the Cinderella of the family; but she grew up to be a very beautiful and a very clever woman.'"

"In order to check the production of the immense number of inferior works with which the public was inundated, without however trenching upon the liberty of the press, he asked what objection there could have been to the formation of a tribunal of opinion, composed of members of the Institute, of members of the University, and of persons appointed by the government, who would have examined all works with reference to these three points of view, science, morality, and politics; who would have criticised them, and defined the degree of merit possessed by each. This tribunal would have been the light of the public: it would have operated as a warranty in favour of works of real merit; would have insured their success, and thus produced emulation; whilst, on the contrary, it would necessarily have discouraged the publication of inferior productions."

"He was reading a work on the government of France. He thought it very indifferent, and observed, that since he had been in the habit of perusing new publications, he had found them, for the most part, to be merely matters of speculation,—things got up for sale by booksellers. The world, he said, was now threatened with a deluge of

bad books; and he saw no remedy that could effectually counteract so great an evil."

The following particulars relative to Buonaparte himself, and his nearest connexions, are perhaps still more interesting; and we shall close our notice of Las Cases by copying them into our page:

"It is certain that he was tenderly attached to his wife and his son. Those persons who have served in the interior of his household now inform us how fond he was of indulging his feelings of affection towards his family; and point out some shades in his disposition, the existence of which we were far from suspecting at the time."

"He would sometimes take his son in his arms, and embrace him with the most ardent demonstrations of paternal love. But most frequently his affection would manifest itself by playful teasing, or whimsical tricks: If he met his son in the garden, for instance, he would throw him down, or upset his toys. The child was brought to him every morning at breakfast time, and he then seldom failed to beset him over with every thing within his reach on the table. With respect to his wife, not a day passed without her forming part of his private conversations; if they lasted any length of time, she was sure to come in for a share in them, or to become the subject of them. There is no circumstance, no minute particularity relating to her, which he has not repeated to me a hundred times. Penelope, after ten years' absence, in order to convince herself that she is not deceived, puts some questions to Ulysses which he alone could answer; well! I think that I should not find it difficult to present my credentials to Maria-Louise."

"In the course of the conversation in the evening, the Emperor, speaking of different nations, said he only knew of two—the Orientals and the inhabitants of the West. 'The English, the French, the Italians,' &c., said he, 'compose one family, and form the western division; they have the same laws, the same manners, the same customs; and differ entirely from the Orientals, particularly with respect to their women and their servants. The Orientals have slaves; our servants are free: the Orientals shut up their women; our wives share in all our rights: the Orientals keep a seraglio, but polygamy has never been admitted in the West at any period. There are several other distinctions,' said the Emperor; 'it is said that as many as eighty have been reckoned. The inhabitants of the East and of the West are therefore,' observed the Emperor, 'really two distinct nations:—with the Orientals every thing is calculated to enable them to watch over their wives and make sure of them; all our institutions in the West tend, on the contrary, to put it out of our power to watch over ours, and to make it necessary for us to rely upon them alone. With us, every man who does not wish to pass for an idiot must have some occupation; and whilst he is attending to his business, or fulfilling the duties of his situation, who will watch for him? We must therefore, with our manners, rely entirely on the honour of our women, and place implicit confidence in them. For my part,' added he good-humouredly, 'I have had both wives and mistresses; but it never came into my head to use any particular precaution to watch over them, because I thought that it was with these things, as with the fear of daggers and poison in certain situations of life, the torment of guarding against them

is greater than the danger we wish to avoid: it is better to trust to one's fate.

"It is, however, a very great question to decide, which is the best method; though, probably, not for you, ladies," said he, casting an arch look upon those that were present: "yet it is certain that it would be a very great error to suppose that the Orientals have fewer enjoyments than we have, and are less happy than we are in the West. In the East the husbands are very fond of their wives, and the wives are very much attached to their husbands. They have as many chances of happiness as we have, however different they may seem; for every thing is conventional amongst men, even in those feelings which, one would suppose, ought to be dictated by Nature alone."

Talking of his brother Louis, he says,—"On my return from Elba in 1815, Louis wrote a long letter to me from Rome, and sent an ambassador to me. It was his treaty, he said, the conditions upon which he would return to me. I answered that I would not make any treaty with him, that he was my brother, and that if he came back he would be well received."

"Will it be believed that one of his conditions was that he should be, at liberty to divorce Hortense. I severely rebuked the negotiator for having dared to be the bearer of so absurd a proposal, and for having believed that such a measure could ever be made the subject of a negotiation. I reminded Louis that our family compact positively forbade it, and represented to him that it was no less forbidden by the laws of policy and morality, and by public opinion."

"I further assured him that, actuated by all these motives, if his children were to lose their estate through his fault, I should feel more interested for them than for him, although he was my brother."

"Perhaps an excuse might be found for the caprice of Louis's disposition, in the deplorable state of his health, the age at which it became deranged, and the horrible circumstances which produced that derangement, and which must have had a considerable influence upon his mind; he was on the point of death on the occasion, and has, ever since, been subject to most cruel infirmities: he is almost paralytic on one side."

"It is certain, however," added the Emperor, "that I have derived little assistance from my own family, and that they have greatly injured me and the great cause for which I fought." - - -

"The Emperor accounted for the clearness of his ideas, and the facility he possessed of being able to protract the duration of his application to the utmost, by saying that the different affairs were put up in his head as in a closet. 'When I wish to interrupt an affair,' said he, 'I close the drawer which contains it, and I open that which contains another. They do not mix together, and do not fatigue me nor inconvenience me.' He had never been kept awake, he said, by an involuntary preoccupation of mind. 'If I wish to sleep, I shut up all the drawers, and I am asleep.' So that he had always, he added, slept when he wanted rest, and almost at will. - - -

"On his return from the disastrous campaigns of Moscow and Leipzig, Napoleon, in order to maintain the appearance of confidence, frequently appeared amidst the multitude with scarcely any attendants. He visited the market-places, the faubourgs, and

all the populous districts of the capital, conversing familiarly with the people; and he was every where received and treated with respect."

"One day, at *La Halle*, a woman with whom he had been holding a little dialogue, bluntly told him he ought to make peace. 'Good woman,' replied the Emperor, 'sell your herbs, and leave me to settle my affairs. Let every one attend to his own calling.' The bystanders laughed, and applauded him."

"On another occasion, at the *Faubourg Saint-Antoine*, when surrounded by an immense concourse of people, whom he was treating very condescendingly, some one asked whether affairs were really as bad as they were represented to be. 'Why, certainly,' replied the Emperor, 'I cannot say that things are going on very well.'—'But what will be the end of this?'—'Heaven knows!'—'Will the enemy enter France?'—'Very possibly; and he may even march to Paris if you do not assist me. I have not a million of arms. I cannot do all by my own individual efforts.'—'We will support you,' exclaimed a number of voices.—'Then I shall beat the enemy, and preserve the glory of France.'—'But what must we do?'—'You must enlist and fight.'—'We will,' said one of the crowd; 'but we must make a few conditions!'—'What are they?'—'We will not pass the frontier.'—'You shall not be required to do so.'—'We wish to serve in the guards,' said another.—'You shall do so.' The air instantly resounded with acclamations. Registers were immediately opened, and two thousand men enlisted in course of the day. Napoleon returned to the Tuileries; and, as he entered the *Place Carrousel* on horseback, surrounded by the multitude, whose acclamations rent the air, it was supposed that an insurrection had broken out, and the gates were about to be closed."

"Alluding to the date of certain circumstances, he observed, that it would be difficult for him to detail his life year by year. We observed, that if he would only date the events of four or five years, we could easily take all the rest upon ourselves. He reverted to his *début* at the military school of Toulon, the circumstances that first called him into notice, the sudden ascendancy which he acquired by his first successes, and the ambition with which they inspired him: 'And yet,' said he, 'I was far from entertaining a high opinion of myself. It was not till after the battle of Lodi that I conceived those lofty notions of ambition, which were confirmed in Egypt, after the victory of the Pyramids, and the possession of Cairo. Then,' said he, 'I willingly resigned myself to every brilliant dream.' - - -

These dreams cost millions of human lives—but they are all over, and the whole seems, even at this short distance of time, to be but a dream."

"These dreams cost millions of human lives—but they are all over, and the whole seems, even at this short distance of time, to be but a dream."

Histoire des Français, par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. Troisième partie. La France confédérée sous le régime féodal, de l'an 987 à l'an 1226 de J. C. Tome IV. V. et VI. We drew the attention of our readers nearly two years ago to the History of the French by M. de Sismondi; and it gives us pleasure to make them acquainted with the second livraison (containing Vols 4, 5, and 6) of this long work.

M. de Sismondi designates the period of 240 years comprised in these volumes, and which corresponds with the reigns of the first

eight Kings of the race of Hugh Capet, by these words—"France confederated under the feudal regime." They will perhaps excite some surprise; but according to him, France, during this pretty long and eventful period, was by no means a monarchy. He endeavours to prove that during the eleventh century the social tie was nearly dissolved; that each Count, each Baron, was independent in his castle; and that if France still formed one body, it was, at the utmost, as a feudal confederation. He shows, in the eleventh century, France divided pretty equally between four monarchs, French, English, Aragonese, and German, each of whom exercised an influence over the will and the policy of several inferior sovereigns. Lastly, he shows how the monarchy was raised by Philip Augustus and his son Louis VIII., and how they acquired a decided preponderance over the other three Kings, and the numerous Princes who shared with them the territory of France.

Thus the history of feudalism in France is in some measure the chief subject of these three volumes. But feudalism is here represented in a much more advantageous light than it will appear in, in the sequel of this History. In fact, to judge of any state of society, we should much less consider it in itself, than by comparison with the state to which it succeeds. Now M. de Sismondi has shown us, under the Carolingian race, the great mass of the population reduced to complete slavery, without property, without protection, without knowledge, without arm; and consequently without courage and without virtue. The transition from slavery to feudalism appears therefore to him, as one of the most important steps made by the human race, in its advance to civilization, liberty, knowledge, and morality. Following the complicated march of events in all the several states then comprehended under the name of France, he shows in these three volumes how the spirit of liberty first diffused itself among the nobility; how it combined with chivalry, mitigated the condition of the Serf, introduced itself into the schools, and offered to men of the lowest ranks the career of knowledge to rise to power; how it favoured the formation of the language, and united with the new poetry; and particularly how it prepared all minds for the first religious reformation, that of the Albigenses, which, towards the close of the same period, was extinguished by unparalleled efforts in torrents of blood.

One of the most important advances made by liberty in the midst of feudalism was the formation of communities (*communes*). As it forms of itself a kind of whole which M. Sismondi has laid before us at the beginning of Chapter IX., tome IV. page 417, we should be happy to lay it before our readers, did not the pressure of new publications prevent us from sparing the space that it would require.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 9, Angel Terrace, Islington, April 1823.

SIR,—Will any of your Correspondents take the trouble to translate the following lines inscribed on the marble pedestal of the Egyptian Obelisk in the square of Constantinople, formerly the Hippodrome?

Difficilis quondam Dominis parere serenis
Jassus et extinctis palmam portare Tyrannis
Omnia Theodosio cedunt subolique perenni

diobus

All the words of the fourth line, except *diebus*, and any lines which may follow, are buried in the earth by the sinking down of the marble.*

On each pillar of those called "the Thon- and Columns," which are now become sub- terranean, and the space between them used

by the Turks as a rope-walk, is inscribed K,— is this a Greek abbreviation of Constantine?†

In the old ruinous building, also, at Constantinople, called the palace of Belisarius, I saw a stone with OANNEMOP on it: what may be the meaning?‡

When at Syra, I saw the pedestal of a statue, thrown down, and lying between two little hillocks near the town, with an inscription in the Greek character, quite perfect, beginning *Τραϊανου Αδριανου Σερα Πατρικου*: pray on what occasion was this statue de- creed?§

I am, Sir, your obedient humble Servant,
F. HOPKINS.

* These lines being imperfect, are only curious as showing the nature of the inscription on this obelisk.

† We are not acquainted with any reason for supposing this to be so.

‡ As a guess:—may not this be a mutilated transcript of Joan: Memor—an epitaphal inscription to some John or Joanna?

§ Though the final *v*'s are wrong, it is evidently a monument of Trajan and his successor—what the occasion, the remainder of the inscription alone could tell.—Ed.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE, ADELPHI.

The rewards adjudged by this Society were on Wednesday last presented at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket to the respective Candidates by H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, the President. This spacious and elegant building was filled with a fashionable and overflowing audience by twelve o'clock, to witness the interesting scene. The occasion and the attendance were alike peculiarly characteristic of British patriotism and curiosity. In no other country have the liberal Arts, and those Sciences which practically bear upon the public welfare, obtained such support, or received such honourable sanction. It is not therefore surprising that so many persons should be emulous to cultivate them, and that productions of such decided excellence should be the result. The business of the day commenced as soon as the Royal President arrived, about a quarter before one. The secretary, Mr. Arthur Aikin, read an address to the public, containing a slight sketch of the origin and progress of the Society from its formation. It appears to have been projected by only seven illustrious individuals; and though it received general approbation when made known, the number of its members continued very limited for a considerable time. Its object was however so manifestly important and valuable in a national point of view, that it progressively acquired strength, and exists at this time in a most flourishing state. Some of the objects of its early attention, particularly Painting and Agriculture, though they continue to be regarded by this Society, have become, in course of time, the subjects of separate Institutions, which reflect lustre on their parent stem.

The Royal President, who was seated in

an elevated chair in the centre of the stage, surrounded by the successful candidates, now proceeded to deliver the awarded Medals, Premiums, and Palettes.

In *Agriculture and Rural Economy* there were four. In this department were named, with particular approbation, Colonel Wildman, of Newstead Abbey, for planting 500 acres with forest trees; Messrs. Cowley and Staines of Winslow, and J. W. Jeston, Esq. of Henley-on-Thames, for the preparation of English opium from poppies; and W. P. Tannton, Esq. of Cheam, for early horse beans.

In *Chemistry*, there were five awards. We can only advert to the first of these, which was given to Mr. Marsh, of Woolwich, for a portable electro-magnetic apparatus, an invention highly deserving of approbation. The other adjudications were well merited, though, in the scale of comparison, of minor importance.

In the *Polite Arts*, there were no less than sixty-one who received public rewards. For original oil paintings, 10; for copies in oil, 3; for original paintings in water-colours, 5; for copies in water-colours, 7; for an original drawing in chalk, 1; for copies in ink, chalk, pencil, &c. 8; for a drawing in outline, of a statue, 1; for finished drawings from statues and busts, 11; for original models in plaster, 2; for copies of models in plaster, 3; in architecture, 3; for carving in wood, 2; miscellaneous subjects, 5.

In *Manufactures*, two.

In *Mechanics*, eleven. In this class, the inventions of Mr. Amesbury and Mr. Raynes, for the relief of fractured limbs, are very valuable; so also are those of Mr. Dennet, for baling ships; and Captain Dansey, for a kite for effecting a communication between a stranded ship and the shore.

In *Colonies and Trade*, there were two.

The Society also directed that several performances in the class of Polite Arts should be exhibited, on account of their merit, with those to which premiums had been awarded. As the respective Candidates advanced towards the Chair, the Secretary read their names and residence, with a descriptive outline of the invention or work by which each had been distinguished. The Royal President in delivering the prizes made appropriate remarks, and in a few instances received suitable replies. The Female Candidates, who were elegantly attired, were received with such flattering marks of approbation by all present, as must be a convincing proof that sterling talent will ever, in this nation at least, receive its due reward. A band of music at intervals enlivened and refreshed the audience; and at three o'clock the business of the day was closed by a brief speech from the Royal Duke, the company retiring highly gratified with what they had heard and witnessed.

It is needless to enlarge such a Society as this. Its claims to attention are paramount, and will not fail to be generally respected. While the liberal Arts and Sciences polish and refine society, Manufactures and Commerce enrich it, and thus mutually co-operative for general good, the community at large has a deep interest in their protection and promotion. It cannot therefore be doubted but that the spirit of emulation which has placed imperial Britain so high in the scale of the civilized world, will continue to exert itself, to render her universally and permanently illustrious.

EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII.

To the interesting notice of the recent discoveries at Pompeii contained in our last Number, we are enabled to make the following equally interesting addition:

If you will now accompany me from the Chalcidicum past the Little Sacellum, we meet on the same side, and opposite to the Temple of Jupiter, with the front of a still larger quadrangular building, which was excavated in the course of last year. It has two entrances from the Forum, and one on the long side on the left from the street. In the middle we find a regular dodecagon, rather elevated, upon which twelve pedestals stand in a circle, and one in the middle. The dodecagon is surrounded by another enclosure, which has an entrance of its own opposite to the two principal doors. On the right long side are twelve chambers, or cells, all alike, and separated by walls; and on the short side, opposite the entrances, a square elevated cell projects in the middle, to which you ascend by steps. At the back of this cell there is a pedestal for a statue, and two niches on each of the side walls. Here there were found two statues (portraits) of white marble, rather larger than life: one of a man with short hair and beard, with a drapery round the thighs and hips, coloured red, and partly gilt: the drapery of the female consists of an upper and under garment; the hair, which is curled, is adorned with a wreath; in her left hand she holds a little box resembling a box of ointment. The right arm of both statues is wanting; they are of tolerably good Roman workmanship. I have found no inscriptions to furnish information respecting the persons, or the erection and design of the edifice; and nothing having been discovered that could throw any light upon it, Chevalier Ardit, Director of the Royal Museums, has for the present given it the name of the Pantheon, as he thinks that the twelve pedestals may have been designed for the twelve deities.

This building is interesting, not only on account of its arrangement, but also on account of the paintings on its walls, which have not been taken down, but are covered with a slight roof. The part which is best preserved is in the corner to the right of the entrance from the street; the painting quite in the usual style, figures on a dark ground, alternating with a light architecture, but executed with particular taste, talent, and spirit. We conceive a high idea of the painting of the ancients, when we find these decorative productions so clever, that as sketches they would not disgrace the best Master. To give you an idea of the richness of the decorations on this wall, I will add a list of the subjects, as they follow one another, from the right to the left.

1. A small landscape, with a gallery. 2. Dark ground, with an unsupported figure. 3. Architecture with golden pillars; between them a Muse holding a golden lyre, a beautiful and well-drawn figure; above is a bronze Victoria in a chariot drawn by two horses; and behind, in a remote distance, appears the architecture of a Temple, to which arms are suspended. On the two sides of this painting are 4. & 5. two small landscapes. 6. A large black panel, in the middle a square picture representing Ulysses and Penelope. This is the best preserved, and the most pleasing of all the pictures. Ulysses, in a white tunic with half sleeves, breast and shoulders covered with a yellow chlamys fastened on the shoulder, and wearing the cap with which he is usually represented, is sitting on the shaft of

a column which is thrown down. He holds a staff in his hand, and looks up, as if speaking to Penelope, who stands before him, resting her head on her right hand in seeming meditation, and carrying two distaffs in her left hand. Her dress is a violet under-garment, and a white veil falling from the head in large folds; a very beautifully draped, dignified, and expressive figure. The scene takes place in the inner court-yard; for in the background we see a door with pillars, and next it a window, from which a maid (too young to be Euryalea) is looking at them. Second wall:—7. Black panel; in the middle an unsupported figure carrying an oar and a dish of fruit. Above it is a female figure, only the half of whose body is visible. 8. Architecture with pillars; between them stands a young man in a red toga, and holding herbs in both hands; on each side a small landscape; above the pillars a Victoria in a chariot drawn by two horses, resembling the former; arms are suspended above her. 9. Black panel; in the middle a square picture with a white ground, Theseus, who has lifted the stone; a female figure is sitting before him, not so well preserved: the stone looks like a cloud. 10. Architecture with columns; between them stands a female figure, having a palette, exactly similar to ours, in one hand, and a pencil in the other. On each side a small landscape, with galleys. 11. Black ground; in the middle a Genius unsupported, carrying a patera; above him, and as if held up by him, a female figure with a child. I do not know whether a similar representation occurs elsewhere. 12. Architecture with columns; between them a Victoria crowning a warrior: both figures much blackened.

Under this row of pictures runs a wainscoting, likewise painted with a black ground, divided into partitions according to the upper panels, in which are various utensils and figures; among which is a very beautiful female, sitting, with a lyre.

Above the middle division there are also painted panels, in some of which are large vases, and in others Arabesques; for instance, a naked figure standing on a flower, upon a blue ground.

Paintings, not so distinct, are on the wall on the other side of the door, near to the former. Those on the two sides from the entrance of the street are better preserved, representing Cupids at play; then on the other walls, Phryxus on the ram, Thalia, &c. A large painting, where three divinities seem to be descending to the earth, is almost undistinguishable.

To make you farther acquainted with the excavations, I lead you from the Pantheon into the street which runs above it. Here, too, a wall with paintings has been discovered, which are covered with a roof, but are of less importance. The street runs round the Pantheon, past the back part of the building of Ennechia, and joins the great street leading to the theatres. All these houses have been lately uncovered, but contain nothing remarkable. The most important article found there is a small statue of Venus, which has already been placed in the studi in the chamber of the Hermaphrodite. It may be about two feet and a half high, is of white marble, and naked to the middle of the body, where a garment is tied in a knot, concealing the legs, and leaving only the fore part of the feet visible. It is still of a rose colour, and the dark parts at the bottom of the folds yet

show its original colour. The figure rather inclines forwards; she takes hold of her hair, which is divided, with both her hands, as if to press out the wet, or to braid it; in the neck it is already tied in a knot; it is wrought with slight strokes of the chisel, and bears evident marks of having been gilt. The eyes are hollowed out, and, though they are so small, were probably set in. With respect to the merit of the work, it is in a good Greek style, yet treated rather negligently, and may perhaps be of two different periods, for the upper naked part is separated from the lower, and was let into it by means of an iron, which is now replaced by wood, so that the two parts may easily be separated. The lower is of inferior workmanship.

If I am not mistaken, a fine colossal head of Jupiter, which wanted, however, the greatest part of the hair, was lately found at Pompeii. It is placed now in the hall Antinous, in the studi, and the defective part has been repaired with stucco.

How many beautiful and remarkable things may we still expect, if they proceed with diligence to clear the town, of which hardly a fourth part is yet excavated! The halls of the studi are rich in beautiful works and furniture, and a vast quantity still lies in the magazines, no room having yet been found to arrange them. In particular, hardly any part of the terracottas has been put in order. To the hall of the Egyptian and Etruscan antiquities, a new room has lately been added, in which there are chiefly Etruscan works; there are, however, some old Greek, or imitations of the old Greek style, which are comprehended under that name. This is especially the case with the vases placed here, the black figures of which on the yellow ground seem more to resemble the Greek in the early rude times, than the Etruscan. Here in the Museum they have adopted a separate class, *Egyptian Vases*. These have rude figures, painted with black, red and white colours, upon the unglazed yellowish ground, and, from the rudeness and the numerous white strokes, have a resemblance to the Egyptian paintings, but are found in the same sepulchres with those of a better kind; so that we may take it for granted that the most ancient manner of making painted vases, which the Greeks may have received from the Egyptians, was subsequently employed for particular purposes.

I received great pleasure from viewing the large Vase of Vivengio, in the last room of the collection of vases, on which the destruction of the family of Priam is represented. The design of M. Tischbein in the 9th Number of his *Homer*, after the antique, is very correct, both in the style and the detail. The vase is without contradiction one of the most beautiful that exists: it is of a belly shape, with a narrower mouth, and with handles, the varnish very brown. The painting is above the handles, towards the neck, and bordered above and below with beautiful ornaments. I cannot help thinking that this design was drawn by an excellent artist upon the vase itself; for we not only see in it a much greater degree of spirit and ability than usual, but we can also perceive the slight traces of the first sketch, which the artist corrected in the execution. We likewise perceive in the middle of the vase a circular border passing through the middle of the picture, and consisting of three lines engraved on it; which is a proof that the vase was originally intended to be ornamented in a differ-

ent manner, and was afterwards accidentally chosen by the artist to receive this design. Lastly, we find that this vase was esteemed in ancient times as a valuable curiosity, for it was found enclosed in a coarser earthen vessel, and therefore in perfect preservation.

The only vase of all those I am acquainted with, which can be compared to this, for beauty of execution, is the one standing opposite to it, and no print of which has yet been published. We have here, in the later, free, luxuriant style, a Bacchanalian scene, in which, in particular, some female draped figures are among the most beautiful specimens of ancient art, and from the spirit that pervades the design, they may justly be said to be in the style of Raphael. Both these vases are perfect: an uncommon piece of good fortune. It is true, indeed, that amateurs have now not so much reason to regret accidents, because methods have been discovered at Naples to join the pieces in the most admirable manner, and even to supply so perfectly what is wanting, that it is impossible by mere inspection to distinguish the new from the old. The worst is, that the repairs hitherto suffered from damp; but M. Gargioli, one of the most active artists in this way, and on this account employed in the studi, is said now to have discovered means to make his repairs durable.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, May 24.—On Saturday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—The Rev. J. W. Vivian, B.D. All Souls' College.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. T. Grantham, M.A. Fellow of Magd. Coll. one of the Public Examiners.

Masters of Arts.—M. Mundy, Exeter College; Rev. W. Duthy, Michel's Scholar of Queen's Coll.; Rev. H. Parsons, and Rev. G. F. St. John, Balliol Coll.; W. Simmons, Brasenose Coll.; Hon. and Rev. J. S. V. Vernon, and W. Duncombe, Christ Church; J. Lockhart, Univ. Coll.; Rev. J. Everleigh, Oriel Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—S. G. Gunning, Esq. and Hon. A. Thellusson, Brasenose Coll.; Gr. Compounding, J. L. Penayfather, and W. Owen, St. Alban Hall; F. Gregory, Exeter Coll.; J. West, Chaplain of New College; C. Tucker, Wadham Coll.; R. Perfect, and E. Feild, Michel's Scholar, Queen's Coll.; J. Michell, and F. C. Belfour, Magdalen Hall; W. A. Eade, Scholar of Balliol Coll.; Hon. A. Waldegrave, Brasenose Coll.; J. A. Auldjo, and J. W. Harding, Pembroke Coll.; E. Williams, J. S. Smalley, and J. Pugh, Jesus Coll.; Right Hon. A. A. Cooper, Baron Ashley, Hon. G. W. F. Howard, G. Bowen, and T. Tyrwhitt, Christ Church; T. H. S. Escourt, and E. W. Edgell, Oriel Coll.

The whole number of Degrees in Easter Term, was D.D. one; D. Med. three; B.D. three; B.C.L. one; M.A. forty-two; B. Mus. one; B.A. seventy-nine; Matriculations, 81.

On Wednesday last, the first day of Aut Term, the following Degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—H. Wilson, Esq. Oriel Coll. Gr. Compounder; Rev. W. Mayd, Exeter Coll.; J. Worgan, Scholar, Rev. J. Hawkins, and W. H. James, Pembroke Coll.; Rev. J. Babb, and Rev. J. Fowle, Wadham Coll.; Rev. G. P. Lowther, and Rev. T. L. Fanshawe, St. Mary Hall; E. W. Hasell, Oriel Coll.; Rev. J. P. Carpenter, Christ Church; E. Robinson, and J. S. M. Anderson, Scholar of Balliol Coll.; A. Clive, Rev. H. Percival, Rev. F. Shum, and W. H. Prescott, Brasenose Coll.; Rev. P. Aubin, and Rev. J. R. Hol-

combs, Fellows, Rev. J. Williams, and W. Allen, Scholars of Jesus Coll.; J. F. Winterbottom, Fellow of Magd. Coll. and Vinerian Scholar; Rev. R. T. Powys, University Coll.; S. Wright, St. John's Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. C. R. Dering, Esq. Brasenose Coll. Gr. Compounder; J. B. Lewis, St. Alban Hall; S. Robins, and H. Spry, Exeter Coll.; J. J. Goodall, Pembroke Coll.; W. Oxnam, A. Langton, and W. B. Leach, Wadham Coll.; W. Penfold, Lincoln Coll.; R. Meredith, and R. Hepworth, St. Edmund Hall; J. Rayner, and J. Morgan, Trinity Coll.; T. Wilde, Christ Church; W. C. Rowe, Scholar, and E. B. Everard, Balliol Coll.; J. H. Underwood, Scholar of Brasenose Coll.; H. Lloyd, H. Hughes, M. M. Jones, Jesus Coll.; W. Barrett, Clerk of Magdalen Coll.; F. T. Gregory, Scholar of University Coll.; R. R. P. Mealy, St. John's Coll.; E. Talbot, Queen's Coll.

Chancellor's Prizes.—Tuesday last the Prize Compositions were adjudged as follows:

Chas. John Plumer, B.A. Fellow of Oriel College, English Essay—*On Public Spirit amongst the Ancients.*

Edward Wickham, B.A. Fellow of New College, Latin Essay—*Conditio Servorum apud Antiquos.*

Isaac Williams, Scholar of Trinity College, Latin Verse—*Ars Geologica.*

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize.—Thomas Stokes Salmon, Brasenose College, English Verse—*Stonehenge.*

CAMBRIDGE, May 23.—At a Congregation on Wednesday, the following Degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—A. Burmester, and J. Ware, Trinity Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. P. Hoole, H. Wardell, and R. J. Scarlett, Trinity Coll.; J. Badger, St. John's Coll.; G. S. Hele, and T. B. Uitermarc, St. Peter's Coll.; R. W. Sutton, Clare Hall; C. T. Keymer, C. C. Coll.; E. Lloyd, Jesus Coll.; W. Sykes, Sidney Sussex Coll.; W. B. Bere, Emmanuel Coll.; J. E. French, Downing Coll.

PARISIAN ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE Asiatic Society of Paris held its general Annual Meeting on the 21st ult. the Duke of Orleans in the chair. His Royal Highness, who is a great friend of letters and of those who cultivate them, pronounced a discourse full of judicious ideas, finely expressed, on the advantages of the study of foreign languages. He quoted the profound remark of Charles the Fifth, that a man who knows several languages is equal in value to several men. M. de Sacy, President of the Council, described the object which the Society had in view, and the means which it possessed of facilitating Oriental studies. It appears from the observations of the Secretary, that the Society has published five works during the last year at its own expense; namely, a Japanese Grammar, a Mantchouan Dictionary, some Fragments in Sanscrit, a Collection of Fables in Armenian, and a Georgian Grammar, accompanied by a Vocabulary.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

283. *The Battle of the Angels: a Study in chiaroscuro.* W. Otley, H.—They must be bold adventurers in Art, and able ones too, that can occupy themselves on subjects like this, and with credit equal to that of Mr. Otley, an Honorary Exhibitor. It is evident, however, that this gentleman must have studied long, and seen much of the highest class of

painting, to have produced a study like this. Though we here recognise much of what has been done in a similar way by M. Angelo, Rubens, and others, still there is quite enough to show the power of original composition, and a sweeping energy of action, scarcely to be surpassed. Mr. Otley has singled out the two principal combatants, and shown with prodigious skill the victorious and the fallen Angels amidst the throng by which they are surrounded; the track of light, also, which gleams upon the path of the Conqueror, is highly instrumental in producing a grand and sublime effect. It is to be regretted that subjects like these, for which Academies are established, prizes awarded, and the models of antiquity visited, come not within the scope of public encouragement, and are, for the most part, beyond the public taste.

283. *Practice.* T. S. Good.—We must look low as well as high for what is curious and worth observing, and, after all, miss much that is excellent. In this particular instance we are sorry we cannot compliment this promising Artist upon the choice of his subject, and regret that so much of clever execution should have been bestowed upon what at best is merely whimsical. Possessing, as this Artist does, an accurate and curious pencil, together with the power of producing a deception upon the sight, we would still recommend to him the study of the Flemish School in all but their subjects.

336. *The Traveller disturbed at his Repast.* W. Kidd.—This Artist is another instance of the accurate in detail. With much felicity in delineating character, he is tolerably happy in his subjects. The present is one in which the public will largely sympathize, and we wish that the hint may be taken, so as to obviate an extensively prevailing evil; for though time and mail-coaches will stay for no one, and travellers may be epicures or gourmands and make long meals, the regular system, of *serving late, and cutting short*, deserves something more than mere reprehension.

180. *Instruction thrown away.* J. Cloner.—This, among other instances of beautiful pencilling in our Exhibitions, may serve to show that what is thought to be unattainable with reference to the Flemish School by modern art, is not in this quality of painting. Successful copies have also been made from the various other Schools of Painting, by which it should appear that it is not altogether in the vehicle, nor can we trace it in the subject, especially as it regards the Flemish School, most of the productions of which, but for their harmonious tone, would be inadmissible. Neither our limits nor our power are equal to express in what the disparity of modern to ancient art consists; but we think it is a point worth considering, that, as far as may be, the Artists of the present day may come in for their share of attention and regard. But we are called by the title of this very pleasing little picture to the subject it embraces, and to ask ourselves, whether the hints we throw out, and the information we would convey, are not also matters "thrown away"?

178. *Domestic Quarrels.* T. Foster.—Had we been left to guess from its designation, without seeing the picture, who had treated this subject, we should have assigned it to Mulready (who, we lament to say, has nothing in the present Exhibition,) whose talents in domestic subjects are inferior to none, and who has given a feature to the English School, among the various styles of Art it possesses, peculiarly his own. The sub-

ject, as treated by Mr. Foster, is whimsical, and borders upon the ludicrous, but is in a very clever style of painting, and promises well for the future efforts of his pencil.

158. *Dutch Market-Bonts.* Rotterdam. A. W. Calcott, R.A.—We do not see any thing out of his usual style in this delightful scene. In Mr. Calcott's efforts we are always sure to meet with what is pleasing in composition; and the making up of this picture is among his happiest productions. Perhaps there is a little too much sacrificed to keeping. The mistiness in his picture last year was quite in place; here it appears brought in to give value to the figures in front. But while we are making these remarks, it should be remembered, how various, and frequently how entirely opposite, are the effects in Nature.

221. *The Bell Gate at Bourdeaux.* An itinerant French Doctor recommending his nostrums. G. Jones, A. A little more of atmosphere might, perhaps with some advantage, have been thrown into this performance. Alike judicious in his choice of subject, and happy in the character and spirit of his figures, Mr. Jones never fails to give interest. In the present performance, the form of the building is highly picturesque, and is set off by a sky well suited to support a composition of such variety.

117. *The Muse Erato.* T. Stothard, R.A.—We turn from domestic scenes and familiar subjects, to the Poetry of Art, the Muse of Stothard, the Planets of Howard; and the *Comus* scene of Hilton, by way of variety; and we trust and hope the caprice of fashion will not, as it appears to have done with subjects in verse, banish it entirely from public regard. There is (if we may be allowed the expression) a clamour raised against this species of composition; whether from the abundance that has of late been poured forth, or from the mediocrity of talent displayed in it, we really know not, but so it is. For our own part, we are inclined to say in the vein of Falstaff—Banish furious politics, banish controversial divinity, banish dull essays,—but, for sweet Poetry, animating Poetry, consoling Poetry,—Banish the life of fancy, and "banish all the world." Having in our first glance at the Exhibition spoken deservedly high of Mr. Stothard's Muse, and the purity and elegance of the design, we have only to add, that in referring it to the models of antiquity, it appears to be less in copying the forms they present than in using the thoughts they suggest, that this Artist is indebted to their aid.

EXHIBITION OF DESIGNS.

For completing King's College, Cambridge, and of Designs for rebuilding London Bridge.

Western Exchange, Old Bond-street.

We have witnessed with peculiar pleasure the great interest taken at the present period by the higher classes of society, in an Art, which, not less in respect of its utility than affording a criterion of the refinement which a nation has attained, is of the utmost importance in every country. Architecture, without whose aid and co-operation the sister arts much languish, is clearly reviving. The study of it, a real taste for its beauties, and a conviction of its value in a national point of view, seem to have taken a strong hold on its legitimate patrons, and we entertain a well-grounded and confident hope that the time may not be very distant, in which, from amongst them, another Burlington may arise to rival even its regular professors, and com-

pletely restore it to its merited distinction. We might indeed almost bring such an instance immediately forward in the person of a Noble Peer, whose travels, whose intimate acquaintance with the theory of the art, and whose taste in its application, are universally felt and acknowledged.

Under the above circumstances, it has been matter of great regret to us, that in this year's Exhibition there is an apparent endeavour to drive the Architect altogether from that Establishment, by a fearful curtailing of the space heretofore allotted to his use, and by an incongruous mixture of paintings with architectural drawings in the apartment which has been generally considered his heritage. Paintings of a second rate will not compensate for the Designs which we happen to know were returned to their Artists; and we take the friendly liberty of warning the Members of the Royal Academy, that such of them as are attached to the two other branches, will do more injury to the arts they profess by a repetition of this expedient, than they immediately perceive, and that the sacrifice of any one of the three will have a reaction on the remainder, whereof they do not appear fully sensible. The days are long since passed away, in which Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, practised either art with equal skill. Neither portrait-painting nor bust-modelling will enable the Painters and Sculptors of any age to become Architects, which in days of yore those Artists were wont to be.

But we are digressing perhaps too far from our purpose. The Exhibition which we have thought it right to bring under the notice of our readers, is nearly the first strictly Architectural Collection of Drawings that has been offered to the public inspection. It has arisen out of an incident of no unusual occurrence at the present day, the extraction, by public advertisement, of much fancy and talent, and the "setting in motion in an economical way, and taking advantage of a prodigious mass of industry, and obtaining great and varied information." This is done by inviting Architects to what the French call a *concurrence*, in which there is hardly ever any chance of justice being impartially administered to the competitors; and though in the present case we can never be brought to believe that the Provost and Fellows of King's College have not dealt impartially with the Artists whom they set in motion, yet in other instances which we could name, even at the time of invitation to compete, there has been some happy and favoured individual who has already made his "calling and election sure." In short, the practice has become so notorious and barefaced, that we almost wonder at Architects being found to countenance and lend their assistance to such projects.

We are much pleased with the general talent which pervades this collection of Drawings, and sincerely wish its success may not only be adequate to its merits, but that it may be the means of laying a foundation (to speak architecturally) for future architectural exhibitions to which professors of standing may be induced to lend their aid. We cannot refrain from particularizing the Designs of Messrs. Donaldson, No. 5; Mr. John Lewis Wolff, No. 12; Mr. Charles Barry, No. 13; and those, No. 7, by Mr. John Goldicutt; all of which reflect the highest credit on their exertions. We have not room for entering into a detail of their respective merits, nor of mentioning all those by other Artists in this Collection; which we the more regret, the

labours of all deserving much praise, and upon the whole convincing us of the rapid strides with which this Art is advancing.

The Designs for London Bridge are of unequal merit; some of them altogether unworthy of a place among the Designs just noticed. Such, however, is not the case with regard to Mr. Vulliamy's, which is by many degrees the best in the Room. We understand that a few of the Designs made by different Artists are still before a Committee of the House of Commons; and we trust that that body will make a selection of such a Design as may be worthy the country, and an ornament to the Metropolis in an architectural point of view. It appears that the Committee in question have already laid entirely out of the question the three Designs chosen by the City, in opposition to the opinions of the Attached Architects of His Majesty's Board of Works; but this will not be sufficient, unless the Design they may choose in the end be the best which the Architects of the country are capable of producing, with the limited means at command; and we have, we confess, great fears on this head, from what we have heard. We trust they will yet be dispelled. Why was not this work referred to the Committee of Taste?—G.

RETROSPECTIVE ART.

From the Collection of the late P. Sandby, Esq. R.A. Sixteen Etchings connected with the Works of Hogarth and with the Politics of his Times. The admirers of Hogarth, the amateur, collector, and the public in general, will have abundant amusement in tracing these graphic records.

The satire of the pencil, though it frolics in masquerade, is often the connecting link by which the historian unites his series of events; and while seeming to "scatter its arrows in sport," strikes at the highest game. It was thus with the Burin of Hogarth, and it is thus with his incognito contemporary; who, from the examples before us, appears to have understood the use of his weapons, and to have directed them with a skill only inferior to the great satirist himself; who, in consequence of mixing with the politics of the day, became in his turn the object of ridicule; and his favourite Theory of the Line of Beauty (together with his party politics) are shown by these etchings in every possible variety of the ludicrous.

These Etchings are executed in the spirit and style of a master, and are no less distinguished for effect and composition than for their character and expression. The Fire of Faction—Destruction of the Works of Antiquity—and the Palace of Fountainbleau, or the New Ministry—are eminent examples of these qualities.

Several of these interesting Plates have never before been printed.

To these are added, four Aquatinta Prints of the Carnival at Rome, by the late P. Sandby, Esq. R.A. from drawings by the late D. Allen, known by the name of the Scotch Hogarth; and seven Views from Nature, etched on the spot, by the late Geo. Barret, Esq. R.A.

The prints of the Carnival it appears were first published in the year 1781. The Views of Barret are from plates that have never before been published.

Such of our readers as have seen the beautiful and scarce editions of the Gentle Shepherd, enriched with the Designs of the late D. Allen, will be gratified in seeing the humours of his pencil sporting on a foreign

ground; and on an occasion where the ultra burlesque was admirable, and in which he has so happily succeeded.

The works of the late Mr. G. Barret are too well known, and their merits too well appreciated, to doubt of these singularly spirited Etchings being highly acceptable to artists as well as to every lover of the Fine Arts.

LETTERS FROM ROME.

Feb. 22, 1821.

THE very fine collection of Drawings, formed by the Chevalier Wicar with indefatigable perseverance during the storms of the Revolution, has been sold for no more than 10,000 scudi, and is gone to England,—a loss to our Amateurs and Students which may be called irreparable. . . . M. Beyasse has finished his Bust of Thorwaldsen.

Chevalier Bartholdy has just brought from Florence a very fine collection of Majolica, and increased it by considerable purchases. It shows the whole progress of this art from its origin to the latest Masters (in 1725).

A very ancient Etrurian Sepulchre, hewn in the rock, has been discovered near Cornito. A shield of bronze was found in it.

It is astonishing what treasures of Art Italy still contains, after all that has been carried away. A Mr. Middleton, from Charlestown, himself an excellent landscape-painter, has purchased in Italy, in a few years, a collection of Pictures which would do honour to the palace of a prince even in the old world. The crown of his collection is a Portrait of a Female, by Leonardo da Vinci, admirably restored by Palmaroli.

M. Bartholdy, the Prussian Consul-general, has obtained at Florence two wooden blocks, by A. Dürer, of a Celestial Map. Two very fine Pictures, by Holbein, have been found here, which will probably go to the south of Germany. . . .

April 1823.

The workmen employed in continuing the excavations in the *Terretta de Tor Marancia*, have lately found three statues, each about nine palms high. The first, of moderate workmanship, represents a Bacchante, admirably preserved, wanting only the left arm. The second is a Bacchus, of good workmanship, the head and torso uninjured, the arms and left leg broken, the right leg not found. The third, a Bacchus in an excellent style, and in perfect preservation. On one side is a Tiger tearing a Goat's head. On the left side, upon a rock covered with a goat's skin, there is a most beautiful Mask of Silenus.

The Crescent on the Piazzo del Popolo, towards the Tiber, is now completed; and behind the wall which incloses it, a mound has been thrown up and planted with trees, partly because every thing is to be symmetrical, and partly to conceal the barus behind. At present they are looking for water for the fountain; for *Aqua Felice* not being able to spare sufficient for the purpose, they are searching in the Piazza Barberini for an ancient Roman aqueduct, which is said to contain excellent water, and which, though long known, has not been used.

The excavations ordered by Prince Doria near the Bottaccia, already show that a magnificent building must have stood there, and that the ground is for the most part unexplored. It is probable that the Villa of Antoninus Pius may be found here.

The promotions which were made in the Consistory on the 10th of March, have placed in other hands the superintendence of the

Museums search for wish that skillful ha- tican from A remi in worka that Bas consider which be

Twine no Darker a Mine is Flowers The blig Are whi Take th That li That pe Those v Bind th Then c Let eva But on Suited With c Seek y Why I am I have Does Need I hav My s Ther With Its s My For It su Oh, Tim But Wi Ma My Lik 1 h Ha Sec Til Fal Yo En Th A Be Th A D C

Museums, as well as over the Antiquities, the search for them, their exportation, &c. We wish that the new Major Domo may employ skilful hands to secure the frescos in the Vatican from peeling off.

A remarkable proof how much the dealing in works of Art is concentrated in Rome, is, that Basseggio, a dealer of this city, has made considerable purchases in London, most of which he has sold again here to Englishmen.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

Twine not those red roses for me,—
Darker and sadder my wreath must be;
Mine is of flowers unvisited by the sun,
Flowers which died as the Spring begun.
The blighted leaf and the cankered stem
Are what should form my diadem.
Take that rose—it is nipt by the blast;
That lily—the blight has over it past;
That peach-bud—a worm has gnawed it away;
Those violets—they were culled yesterday:
Bind them with leaves from the dark yew tree,
Then come and offer the wreath to me.
Let every flower be a flower of Spring,
But on each be a sign of withering;
Said to me is the drooping wreath,
With colourless hues and scentless breath;
Seek ye not buds of brighter bloom,
Why should their beauty waste on the tomb?
I am too young for death, you say:
Fall not and fade not the green leaves in May?
Does not the rose in its light depart?
Needs there long life to break the heart?
I have felt the breath of the deadly power,—
My summons is come, and I know mine hour!
There came a voice to my sleeping ear,
With words of sorrow and words of fear,
Its sound was the roll of the mountain wave,
Its breath was damp as an opening grave;
My heart grew colder at every word,
For I knew 'twas the voice of Death I heard!
It summoned me, and I wept to die,—
Oh, fair is life to the youthful eye!
Time may come with his shadowy wing,
But who can think on Autumn in Spring?
With so much of hope, and of light, and of bloom,
Marvel ye that I shrink from my doom?
My tears are past,—the grave will be
Like a home and a haven, welcome to me!
I have marked the fairest of hopes decay,
Have seen love pass like a cloud away,
Seen bloom and sweet feelings waste to a sigh,
Till my heart has sickened and wished to die.
Falling to earth like a shower of light,
Yon ash tree is losing its blossoms of white;
Ere its green berries are coloured with red,
I shall be numbered amid the dead.
The buds that are falling in dust will lie
A prey for the worms, and soon so shall I!
Be my tomb in the green grass made,
There let no white tombstone be laid;
All my monument shall be
A lonely and bending cypress tree,
Drooping—just such as should lean above
One who lived and who died for love!

STANZAS.

Farewell, farewell! then both are free,—
At least we both renounce our chain;
And love's most precious boon will be
Never to feel the like again.
There is no gift beneath the sky,
No fairy charm, no syren lure,
Would tempt me yet again to try
What love once taught me to endure.

Its burning hopes, its icy fears,
Its heartlessness, its sick despair;
The mingled pains of many years
Crowd into its one hour of care!
I blame you not,—you could not tell
That love to such a heart as mine
Was life or death, was heaven or hell;
You could not judge my heart by thine.
Each pulse throbs to recall again
What once it was my lot to feel;
I have flung off my weary chain,
The scar it left I may not heal. L. E. L.

THE LIEUTENANT'S COMPLAINT.

[Tune—*The Last Shilling*.]

As pensive this night on my sea-chest I lay,
Which serves me for bed, chair, and table,
I mourn'd the sad hour I was plac'd on half-pay,
Without tow-line, or anchor, or cable.
My money is gone, and my credit not good,
My heart swells with anguish and sorrow:
No messmate is near to supply me with food,
And honour forbids me to borrow.
Now I think on the time when all snugly aboard,
In the ward-room assembled together,
With plenty of wine, and a table well stored,
We laugh'd at dull care and foul weather.
Round, round went the song, and the jest, and the
glass,
While we drank good success to the OCEAN,
And secretly toasted a favourite lass,
Or talk'd about future promotion.
Then happiness smil'd,—I'd a plentiful purse,
And slept sweetly when laid on my pillow;
My cradle the ship, and the sea-boy my nurse,
While rock'd on Old Neptune's proud billow.
And when safe in port, with my much ador'd maid,
Who look'd like a goddess or fairy,
How blest was my heart as we joyously stray'd,
And I breath'd forth my love to my Mary.
How chang'd is my fate! all my messmates are
gone,
And perhaps are like me doom'd to perish;
By my Mary—oh horror! now treated with scorn,
Though she swore long to love and to cherish.
Now I grasp my last cup,—hard, hard is my lot,
And my mind like the billows of Biscay—
You may think it is poison—indeed it is not;
But a special good jorum of whiskey!

AN OLD SAILOR.

DRAMA.

THERE has not been any novelty at either of the Theatres this week, with the exception of some little introductions on benefit nights, which are extra-critical.

VARIETIES.

Sir Walter Scott.—A translation into verse of "The Lady of the Lake," has been published at Palermo.

The Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius, translated into English rhyme by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, is preparing for publication.

Elizabeth, by Mad^e Cottin, illustrated with Engravings, and with Notes and a Memoir of the Author, by L. T. Ventouillac, will appear early in June.

A collection of the best French works, entitled *Classiques Française*, corresponding in size with the British Prose Writers, is preparing for publication.

The Loves of the Angels.—A translation of *The Loves of the Angels* has been published at Paris, of which, as well as of the original,

the Parisian critics speak rapturously. "This charming work (says one of them) is above all praise. Never did the talent of Moore celebrate a more elegant subject, and never was there a subject more suitable to his genius. The French translation unites to great beauty of style the merit of fidelity, and that still more rare merit of transferring into our language the delicious colouring and the exquisite sentiment of the original."

The first number of a monthly publication, of a political and literary character, called "The Columbian Library," has appeared at Lima. It is a publication which appears to be conducted with talent, and which will no doubt prove very interesting to the Old as well as to the New world. This first Number contains some curious facts respecting the *ci-devant* Spanish Colonies. It appears that the Court of Madrid ruled those vast countries with a partiality which prevented the natives from developing their natural talents. Of 170 Viceroyalties who have governed America, 166 were Spaniards, and only 4 Natives. Of 602 Captains General, 588 were Spaniards, and only 14 Americans. The same remark is applicable to the high ecclesiastical dignities, which were almost always reserved for Spaniards, and almost always inaccessible to American priests.

In a work called "Buonaparte and Londonderry, a Dialogue of the Dead," published at Munich, the author has made our noble and lamented countryman inveigh against the Reformation, praise the German writers who have abandoned the Protestant religion for Catholicism, and regret that the Pope is no longer, as formerly, the vicar of Jesus Christ, and the grand arbiter of nations!

Rome.—There are in Rome 19 cardinals, 27 bishops, 1450 priests, 1532 monks, 1464 friars, and 332 seminarists. The population of Rome, in 1821, without reckoning the Jews, amounted to 146,000 souls.

Printing.—On the 10th of July there is to be a grand fête at Haarlem, in honour of Laurent Coster, to whom the inhabitants of that place attribute the invention of Printing. It is well known that Haarlem, Mayence, and Strasbourg, dispute the honour of that invention. At Haarlem are preserved the first typographical attempts. They are plates, engraved on wood; and the book which is printed with those plates is called "Der spiegel van onze zaligheid."—"The mirror of our safety." This book is shut up in a silver coffer, the keeping of which is entrusted to several magistrates, each of whom has a different key to the place where it is deposited.

Swimming Machine.—A number of experiments have lately been made at Paris with a swimming machine, called a *Rouanette*, from the name of the inventor, M. Ronan. It is made of tin, and has the appearance of two cones, lengthened into a tapering form, and very strongly united. It is fixed under the arm-pits; and whoever has it on may cross a river, even if loaded with a burden, without any apprehension.

Fossil Bones.—The mountain of Brovislava, in Poland, has already been the subject of much interest on account of the monument erected upon it to Kosciuszko, is about to attract the attention of naturalists. In a calcareous rock, at the depth of ten ellis, there has been discovered a back-bone of the extraordinary length of twelve ellis. It is undergoing the examination of several scientific persons, who will publish the result of their investigations when completed.

French Opinion of English Rhymes.—In a conversation the other day on the subject of Epigrams, it was remarked that the jingle of words often gave piquancy to these productions, and many cases in point were quoted; such as, "For physic and farres, his equal there scarce is," &c. &c. A French gentleman who was present, also desirous of adding his illustration, observed, that one he "always remember vas dat fine von on a bad fiddler:

"Oll Orpheus play so vile he move de devil,

But you move noting but dy stek feedle!"

Meaning,

Old Orpheus played so well, he mov'd old Nick;
But thou movest nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

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Thursday	22 from 46 to 60	30.01 to 30.70
Friday	23 from 40 to 61	30.60 to 30.73
Saturday	24 from 40 to 62	30.82 to 30.79
Sunday	25 from 50 to 65	30.61 to 30.59
Monday	26 from 46 to 65	30.59 to 30.67
Tuesday	27 from 42 to 67	30.82 to 30.88
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Rain fallen .225 of an inch.

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